Favorite Sacred Songs

Composed by

Geo. C. Stebbins

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Favorite Sacred Songs

CONTAINING

Solos, Duetts, Quartettes and Choruses

FOR THE

Church and Home

COMPOSED BY

GEORGE COLES STEBBINS

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
SEP 14 1992
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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To My Wife,

Elma Miller Stebbins,

who has sung these hymns with me for many years, and in many lands, and who has shared in the privilege and blessing of sending out on the wings of song the great truths concerning the life that now is and that which is to come, that are found in these pages, this volume is most gratefully dedicated.

G. C. S.

PREFACE.

This volume of "Favorite Sacred Songs" is the outcome of a suggestion made by a friend, to whose cordial words, with those of other friends, is to be ascribed the reason for the appearance in this form of these selections from the author's writings.

The music found herein was written for the most part, during the years the writer was associated with Dwight L. Moody, Ira D. Sankey, Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, Major D. W. Whittle, James McGranahan and others in their evangelistic work, and whatever favor it received in the beginning was largely due to its use in the great movements on both sides the sea with which the names of these eminent men are inseparably connected, and to the merit of the hymns to which it was set.

That the writer has been instrumental in sending forth the messages of hope and salvation, which have been so well, and in many instances, so beautifully expressed in these hymns by the various authors, and that any blessing should have attended this ministry of his, is occasion of deep gratitude to God.

A single exception to the rule adhered to in choosing the hymns for this collection, is to be found in the one entitled "O Land Beyond The Sea," (No. 71) the music of which was written by G. Waring Stebbins, the author's son.

The possibility that some well-known hymns will be missed, has not been overlooked, but as space could not be found for all that might be considered worthy of being included, many have been omitted. That those chosen, however, may receive as kind a reception as has been accorded them heretofore, and that in their present form they may find a new sphere of usefulness and blessing, is the hope of

THE AUTHOR.
1846- 1945

Brooklyn, N. Y.
July, 1912.

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Favorite Sacred Songs.

I

The Homeland!

Rev. R. H. Hawkis. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1 The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free - born! There's no night
2 My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's no sin
3 My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where nei-ther

in the Home-land, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Home-land,
in the Home-land, And no temp-ta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Home-land,
death nor sor - row In - vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try!

My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm
Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are
O rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re -

draw-ing near; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
filled with tears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
deem-ing love; Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re - deem-ing love!

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The Story of the Cross.

Carrie E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. A - bove the sweetest songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
2. Oh, none but Je - sus bore such scorn, No stricken lamb so meek as He;
3. Oh, bless-ed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je - sus died for me, for me!

A - bove the sounds of grief and mirth, I hear the sto - ry of the cross.
No oth - er brow so bruised by thorn, No oth - er heart so bled for me.
The cross of my Re-deem - er, Christ, Who makes the guilty cap - tive free!

That sto - ry is a tale of love... That wipes a - way the sin - ner's tears,
No oth - er feet the wine-press trod,.. No oth - er hand so free - ly gave,
That shining cross shall ev - er stand For all of love that man can know;

It makes him heir of heav'n a - bove,.. And gives him joy thro' end-less years.
No Sav-iour like the Son of God!... No love like His to reach and save!
Yet none may ful - ly un - der - stand.. The love that God a - lone can show.

Chorus.

'Tis the old,..... old sto - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto-ry of the cross;
old, the old,

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When e - ter - ni - ty is hoar - y, Pre-cious still will be the sto - ry

Of re-demp - tion by the cross, Of re-demp - tion by the cross.

3 He holds the Key.

Rev. John Parker. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. He holds the key of all un - known, And I am glad;
2. What if to - mor - row's cares were here With - out its rest?
3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;
4. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;

If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust - ed
I'd rath - er He'd un - lock the day, And, as the hours swing
For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His hand; I
For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His care I

it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.,
o - pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

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There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
2 We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3 He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4 There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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O House of many Mansions

E. Norman Gunnison. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O house of ma - ny man - sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide,
2. O house of ma - ny man - sions, My wea - ry spir - it waits
3. O house of ma - ny man - sions, O house not made with hands,

And dear are all the fac - es Up - on the oth - er side. Thy por - tals they are
And longs to join the ran-som'd Within thy pearl-y gates; Who en - ter thro' thy
I sigh for thee while waiting Within these bor-der lands. I know that but in

gold - en, And those who en - ter in Shall know no more of
por - tals, The man - sions of the blest; Who come to thee a -
dy - ing, The thresh - old is crossed o'er; There shall be no more

Refrain.

sor - row, Of wea - ri - ness and sin.
wea - ry, And find in thee their rest.
sor - row In thy for ev - er - more.
} O house of ma - ny man-sions, Thy

doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the fac - es Up - on the oth - er side.

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Come Unto Me.

NATHANAEL NORTON. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 "Come un - to me." It is the Saviour's voice,— The Lord of
2 Wea - ry with life's long strug-gle, full of pain, O doubt - ing
3 O, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science
4 Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Sav - iour

life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish,
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
gives us,— not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now: on

heav - y cares op - prest; "Come un - to me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sorrows cease, "Come un - to me," and I will give you peace.
end the anxious strife, "Come un - to me," and I will give you life.
earth some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

REFRAIN.

"Come un - to me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and

"Come un - to me, O, come un - to me, Come un - - to me,

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Come unto Me.—Concluded.

Ritard.

I will give you rest, I will give you rest,.. I will give you rest."....
will give you rest, will give you rest."

7 Yielded to God.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Yield - ed to God, my bod - y, soul and spir - it, O what re -
2. Yield - ed to God, re - pos - ing 'neath His shad - ow, Sun-shine and
3. Yield - ed to God, my life and its de - vo - tion, Yield - ed the
4. Yield - ed to God, and in His ho - ly keep - ing, My heart His

joic - ing fills my peaceful breast; All, all is well, no doubt nor
glad - ness round my pathway fall; Yield - ed to God, whose love dis -
serv - ice of my days and years; O what a peace per - vades my
tem - ple ev - er - more shall be; Yield - ed to God, in will - ing

fear dis - turbs me, While on His prom - ise now a - lone I rest.
pels all sor - row, He is my Ref - uge, and my All in All.
ev - ery feel - ing, O what sweet vi - sions on my sight ap - pears.
con - se - cra - tion, Bless - ed Re - deem - er, I am lost in Thee.

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Saved by Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.

shall see to face, shall see to face,

rit.

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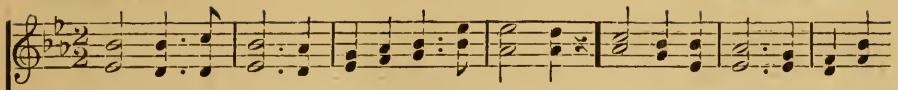
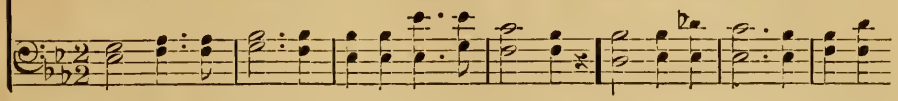
Pilgrims of Night.

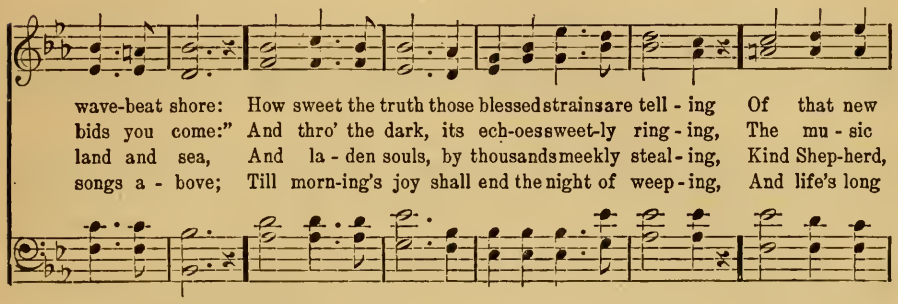
F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.



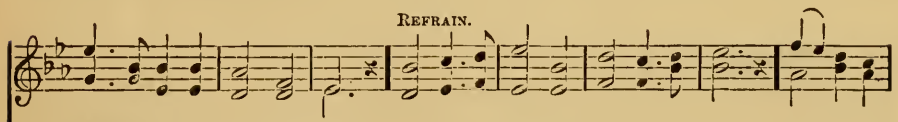
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for Je - sus
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er
4. An - gels! sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments of the



wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new
bids you come:" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic
land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd,
songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long

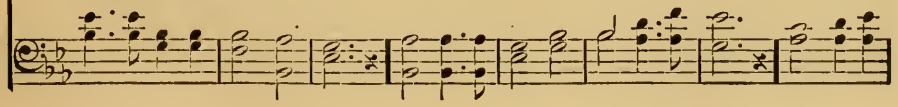


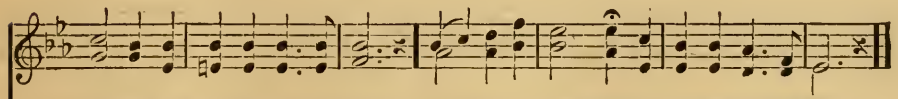
Refrain.



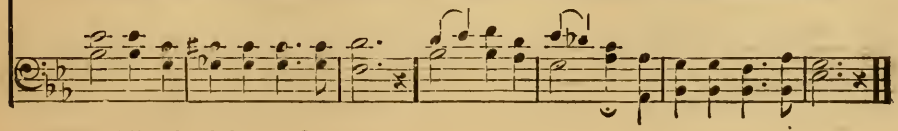
life when sin shall be no more.
of the Gos-pel leads us home.
turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.
shad-ows break in cloud-less love.

An-gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to





wel-come the pilgrims of the night! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!



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The Music of God's Word.

FLORA KIRKLAND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. In the deep, deep waves of sor - row, 'Mid the strong, swift tides of grief;
2. Hear it sing - ing, "I am with thee!" Hear a - gain! "Be not a - fraid."
3. Doth thy way seem hedged a - bout thee? "I will guide thee with mine eye."
4. Art thou wea - ry? Hark, the ech - o! "Come, thou wea - ry one, to me;"

Hark, a sound of heav'n-ly mu - sic, Bringing sweet and sure re - lief!
Can'st thou fear, when He is near thee, He, on whom thy trust is stayed?
Do the cares of life per - plex thee? "I will an - swer ere they cry."
Art thou troub - led for the fu - ture? "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

REFRAIN.

Precious mu - sic of the Bi - ble! Mu - sic saints and proph-ets heard!
mel - o - dy saints and the

Bringing hope in times of an - guish; Wondrous mu - sic of God's word!
hope in the mel - o - dy

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Life in the Loom.

Mary A. Lathbury, by per. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, What are you
2. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Light-en the
3. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Look at your

weav - ing? la - bor and sor - row? Look to your loom a - gain,
la - bor and sweet-en the sor - row; Now while the shut - tles fly
fab - ric of la - bor and sor - row; Seam - y and dark with de -

fast - er and fast - er Fly the great shut-tles pre pared by the Mas - ter.
fast - er and fast - er, Up and be do - ing the work with the Mas - ter.
spair and dis - as - ter, Turn it and lo, the de - sign of the Mas - ter!

Refrain.

There's life (There's life) in the loom!.... Room.... for it, room!
He stands (He stands) at the loom!.... Room.... for Him, room!
The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom!.... Room.... for Him, room!

There's life (There's life) in the loom! Room (room) for it, room!...
He stands (He stands) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!...
The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!...

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He Feedeth His Flock.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. He feed-eth His flock like a shep - herd, Where pastures are blooming and fair;
2. He feed-eth His flock like a shep - herd, And, when in the des- ert they roam,
3. He feed-eth His flock like a shep - herd, The weak-est His kindness may claim;

He gath-ers the lambs in His bo - som, And shel-ters them ten - der - ly there.
He pa- tient-ly fol-lows their foot - steps, And lead - eth them ten - der - ly home.
He nev - er will leave nor for- sake them Who trust in His ex - cel- lent name.

Chorus.

He feed - - eth His flock,.... His flock..... like a shep - herd,
He feed - eth, feed - eth His flock, His flock, He feed - eth His flock like a shep - herd,

And gath - - ers the lambs,.... the lambs..... in His bo - som;
And gath - ers, gath- ers the lambs, the lambs, and gath- ers the lambs in His bo - som;

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He Feedeth His Flock.—Concluded.

He feed - - eth His flock,..... His flock..... like a shep - herd,

He feed - eth, feed - eth His flock, His flock, He feed - eth His flock like a shep - herd,

ritard . . .

And gath - - ers the lambs,.... the lambs..... in His bo - som.

And gath - ers, gath - ers the lambs, the lambs, and gath - ers the lambs in His bo - som.

13 At Evening Time.

H. L. Hastings. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. At eve - ning time may there be light, While life's brief day is clos - ing;
2. At eve - ning time may there be light, The light of life e - ter - nal;
3. At eve - ning time there shall be light, Earth's day of storm is dy - ing;
4. At eve - ning time there shall be light, The twi - light skies a - dorn - ing;

Then shall I fear no gath-'ring night, In Je - sus' love re - pos - ing.
The ra - diance of those man-sions bright, In climes for ev - er ver - nal.
Sor - row and sad - ness take their flight, There shall be no more sigh - ing.
But oh, how fair the ra-diance bright, Of that swift speed-ing morn - ing!

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Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2 Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3 Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4 Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day!..... call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.

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Over the Thorn and Thistle.

H. W. G. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O - ver the thorn and this - tle, A - long the ston - y way,
2. O - ver the thorn and this - tle, A - long the ston - y way,
3. "O - ver the thorn and this - tle, A - long the ston - y way,
4. Instead of the thorn and this - tle, The myr-tle be-decks the way,

From the Shepherd's care to the des - ert bare, There wander'd a sheep one day,
With feet that bled, the Shep - herd sped To where the wan - d'rer lay,—
I have sought for thee, now trust to Me, I'll bear thee home to - day;
Where the Shepherd feeds, and gent - ly leads The sheep He found that day;

And a voice fell sad - ly from far a - way: "My sheep, how long wilt thou
He had heard it cry - ing from far a - way: "Lord, bring me home to Thy
The wolf and li - on flee far a - way When on My shoul - der My
And He lead - eth oth - ers from far a - way To rest in fields of a

love to stray?" "My sheep, how long wilt thou love to stray?"
flock I pray," "Lord, bring me home to Thy flock I pray."
sheep I lay, When on My shoul - der My sheep I lay."
cloud - less day, To rest in fields of a cloud - less day.

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His Eye Will Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psalm 32 : 8.

T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. His eye will guide! As-sur-ance dear, His eye that nev - er sleeps, Thro'
2. His eye will guide! My pathway lies Where mists and shad-ows are, One
3. His eye will guide! I will not fear The chang - es that may come, The
4. His eye will guide! This is e - nough, He know - eth well the way, If

all my days and nights and years Un - bro - ken watch He keeps; He
step a - head I can - not see, No light of sun or star; His
way His love will choose for me Will lead me to my home; If
I should try to walk a - lone My feet would sad - ly stray; E'en

Ritard.

bend - eth o'er me from a - bove And guards with ten-der, change - less love.
eye can see where mine grow dim And I am trust-ing all to Him.
pain - ful, pleas - ant, dark or bright, I fol - low on— it must be right.
un - to death my God will guide And I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.

Refrain.

"I.... will guide thee, I.... will guide thee, I.... will

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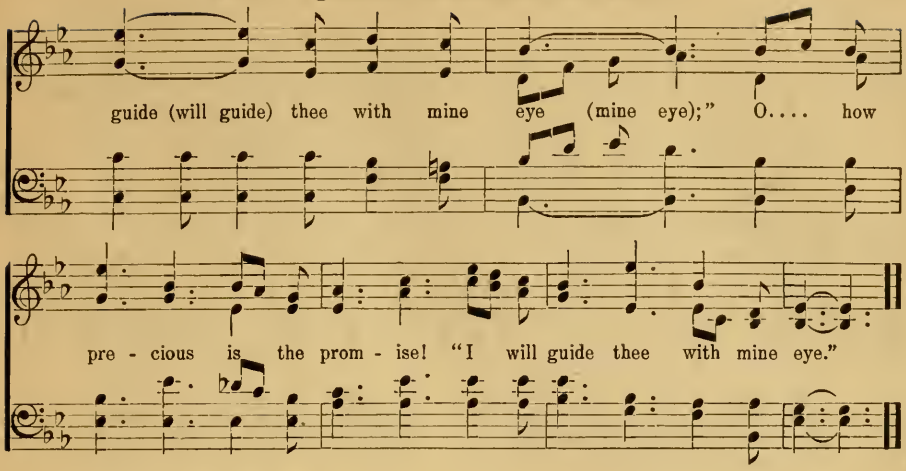
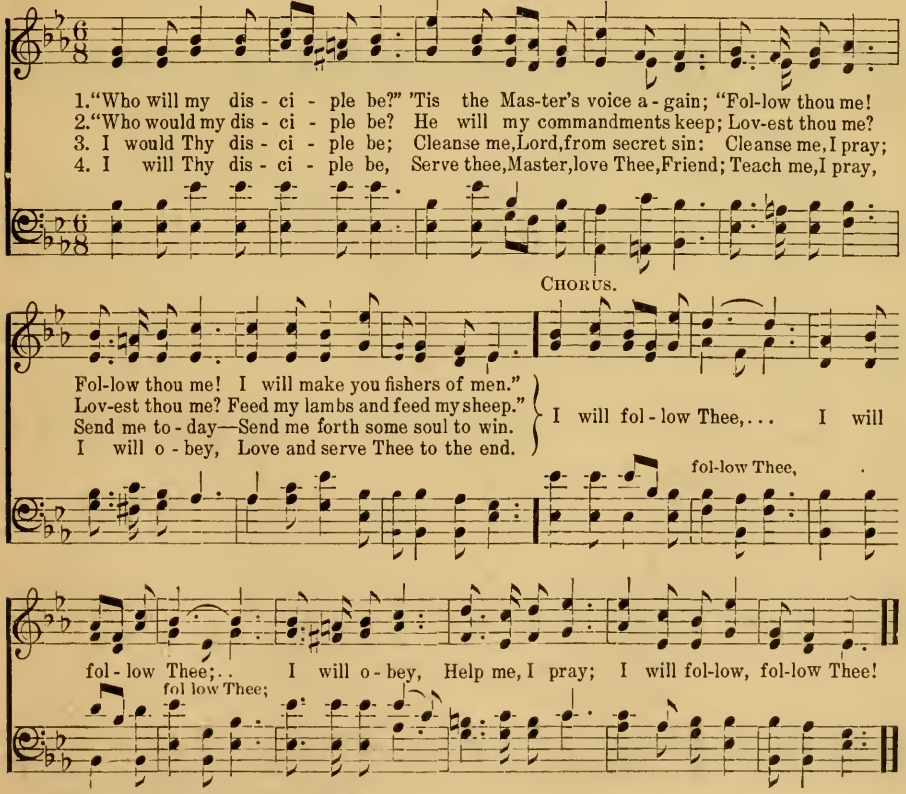
His Eye Will Guide.—Concluded.



17 BLANCHE THORNELY. **I Will Follow Thee.** GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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Dwelling In Love.

D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Oh pre - cious heav'n-ly knowl - edge, Sur - pass - ing earth - ly lore;
2. By God's own word this knowl - edge To us has been re - vealed;
3. By faith we have re - ceived it, This love of God to men;
4. The Spir - it in us dwell - ing, Bears wit - ness from a - bove;

The love of God in Je - sus, In all its bound - less store.
The writ - ten word de - clares it, Thro' Him whom God hath sealed.
At Cal - v'ry we be - lieved it, When He for - gave our sin.
The gra - cious mes - sage tell - ing, That God in Christ is love.

:S: Chorus.

{ Known..... and be - lieved,..... Glad - - ly re - ceived;....
{ Dwell - - ing in love,..... Dwell - - ing in God;.....

{ Known and be-lieved, known and be-lieved, Glad-ly re-ceived, glad-ly re-ceived;
{ Dwell - ing in love, dwell- ing in love, Dwelling in God, dwelling in God;

1

Won - - der - ful, won - - der - ful word.....

Won - der - ful word, won - der - ful word, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful

D. S. 2

..... Par - - don'd and cleansed by the Blood.....

word.... Pardon'd and cleans'd by the Blood.

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I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

Copyright, 1906 by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

There is Never a Day so Dreary.

Lilla M. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is nev-er a day so drear-y, But... God can make it bright;
2. There is nev-er a cross so heav-y, But the nail-scar'd hands are there,
3. There is nev-er a life so dark-en'd, So.... hope-less and un-blest,

And un-to the soul.. that trusts Him, He giv-eth songs in the night.
Out-stretched in ten-der com-pas-sion, The bur-den to help us bear.
But may.. be fill'd with the light of God, And en-ter His prom-ised rest.

There is nev-er a path so hid-den, But.... God will lead the way,
There is nev-er a heart so bro-ken, But the lov-ing Lord can heal;
There is nev-er a sin or sor-row, There is nev-er a care or loss,

If we seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray;
For the heart that was pierc'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel;
But.. that we may bring to Je-sus, And leave at the foot of the cross;

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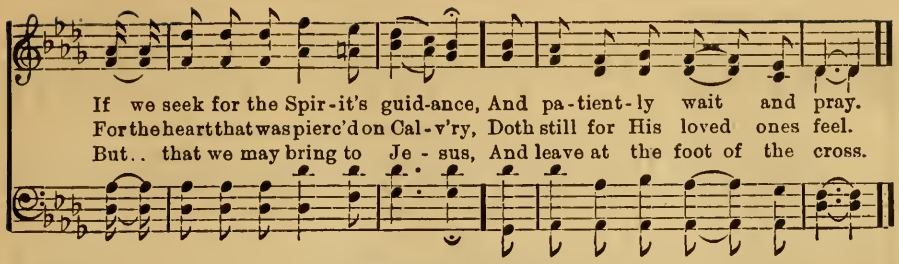
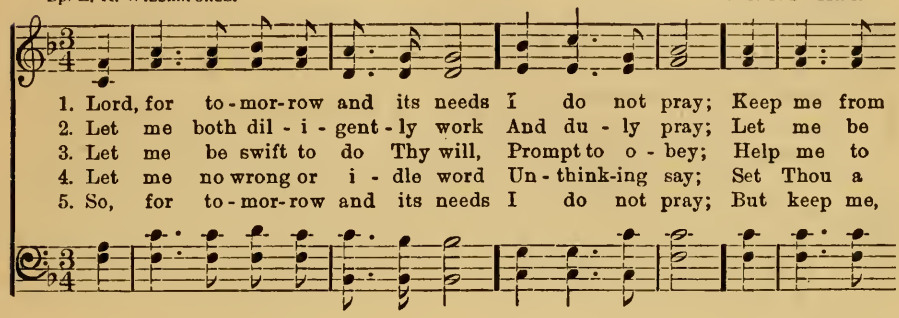
There is Never a Day.—Concluded.



21 Just for To-day.

Bp. E. R. Wilberforce. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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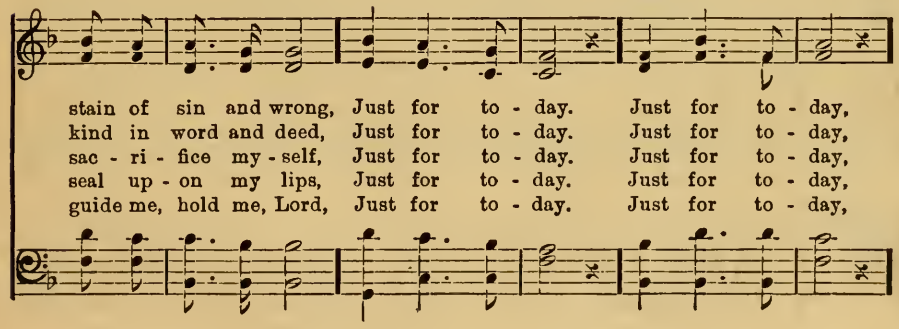

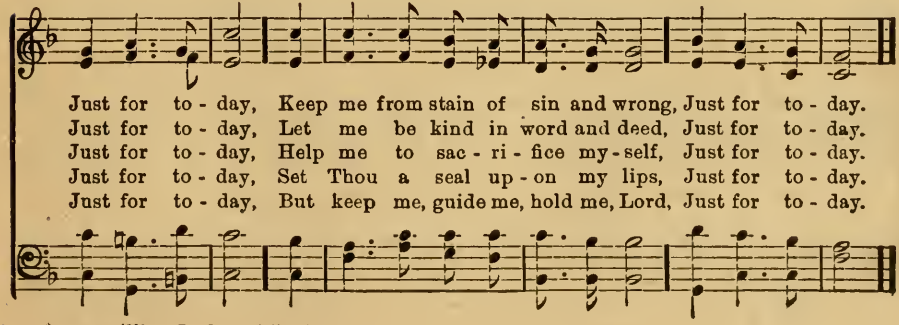

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Shining for Jesus.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing so clear and so bright,
2. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing in deed and in word?
3. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing for truth and for right,
4. Oh! shine out for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shine where He needs you the most;
5. Shine on - ly and al - ways for Je - sus, Then, when your toil-ing is o'er,

That the souls that are perishing round you May be guided to Him by your light?
Is your life, by its pu - ri - ty, show - ing The likeness of Je-sus your Lord?
Where bold un-be-lief and its min - ions Are pos-ing as an-gels of light?
And shine where the darkness hangs deepest O'er the path of the straying and lost.
In mansions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, You shall shine as the stars ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Are you shining to - day? Shin - ing for
Shin-ing, shin - ing, Shin-ing, shin-ing,

Je - sus, Shin-ing all the way; Shin - ing for Je - sus In this
Shin - ing, shin-ing,

world of care; Shin - ing for Je - sus, Shin-ing ev - ery - where.
Shin-ing, shin-ing,

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Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for thee a - lone, Pass it on; Let it trav - el down the years, Let it wipe an - oth - er's tears, Till in heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on.
2. Did you hear the lov - ing word— Pass it on; Like the sing - ing of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu - sic live and grow, Let it cheer an - oth - er's woe, You have reap'd what others sow, Pass it on.
3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile— Pass it on; Stay - ing but a lit - tle while! Pass it on; A - pril beam, the lit - tle thing, Still it wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the si - lent birds to sing—Pass it on.
4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop - ing in the night, Day-light gone; Hold thy light-ed lamp on high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on.
5. Be not self - ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up - on thy brother's need, Pass it on; Live for self, you live in vain; Live for Christ, you live a - gain; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

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There is a Calm.

Ernest Rickman. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is a calm be-yond life's fit-ful fe-ver, A deep re-
2. There is a Hope, to which the Chris-tian, cling-ing; Is lift-ed
3. There is a spot-less robe of Christ's own weav-ing; Will you not

pose, an ev-er-last-ing rest; Where white-robed an-gels
high a-bove life's surg-ing wave; Finds life in death, and
wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand-'ring child, up-

rit - - - - - - -

wel-come the be-liev-er A-mong the blest, a-mong the blest.
fade-less flow-ers spring-ing From the dark grave, from the dark grave.
on thy past life griev-ing, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!

There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearn-ings, And si-lent
There is a Crown pre-pared for those who love Him; The Chris-tian
There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heav-en;— A-las! that

pray'rs shall be at last ful-filled; Where strife and sor-row,
sees it in the dis-tance shine, Like a bright bea-con
an-y should Thy gift re-fuse! The aw-ful choice of

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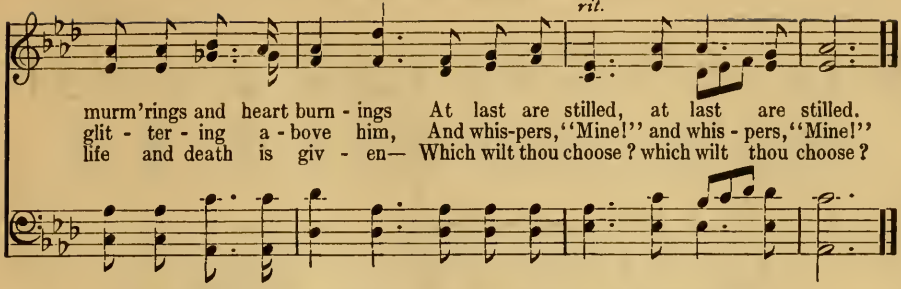
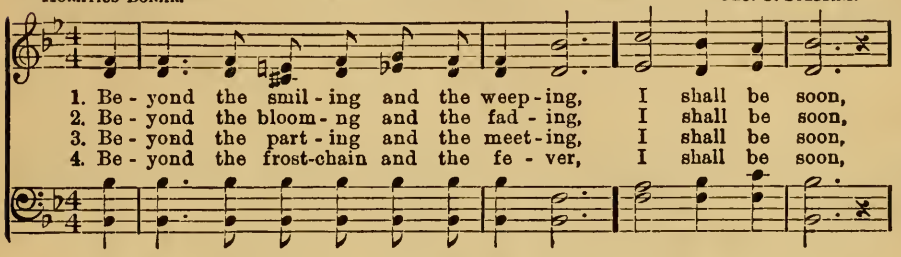
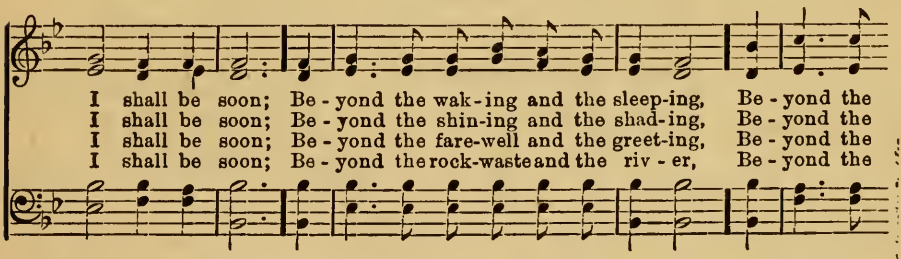
There is a Calm.—Concluded.

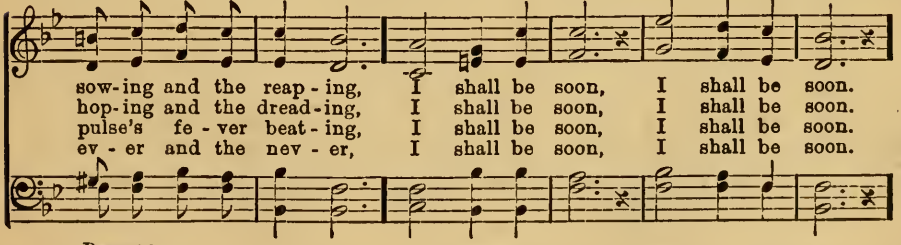


25 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.







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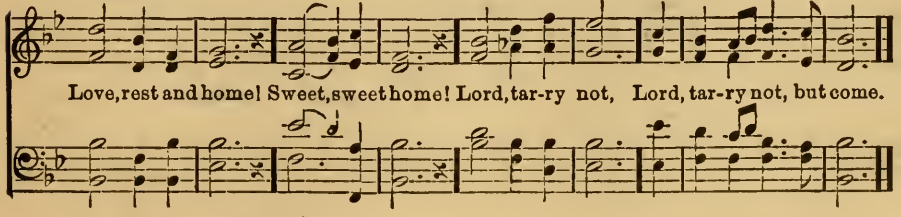

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Speak Kindly.

S. Trevor Francis. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Speak kind - ly, for our days are all too few For an - gry strife;
2. Speak kind - ly, gra- cious words God sent, God giv'n Are nev - er lost;
3. Speak kind - ly, gra- cious - ly, for all a - round Are pains and smarts;

There is deep mean-ing, if we on - ly knew, In our brief life.
They come all fra-grant with the breath of Heav'n, Yet noth - ing cost.
The ver - y air is full of moans and sounds Of break - ing hearts.

No no - bler mis - sion can be ours if we A pang can stay;
Kind words are like kind acts—they steal a - long Life's hid - den springs;
O, seek to bind them up as once, did He Thy gra - cious Lord;

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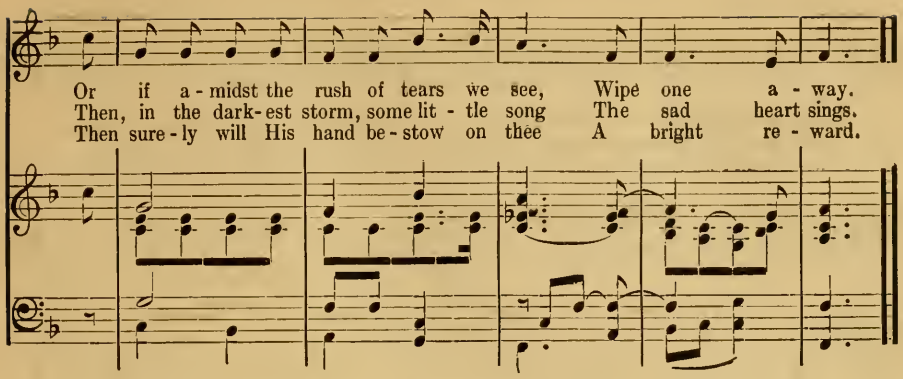
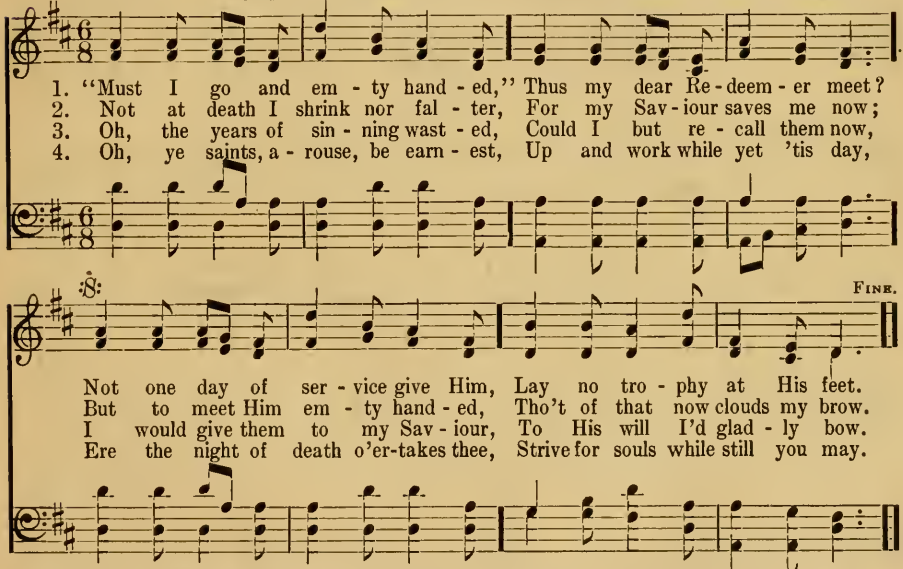
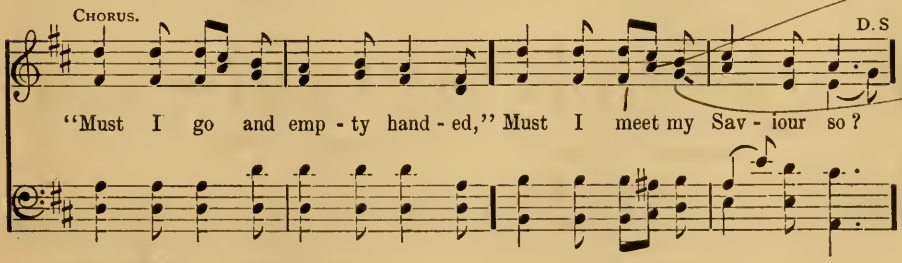
Speak Kindly.—Concluded.



27 Must I Go and Empty Handed?

C. C. Luther. Dying words of a young man only a short time a Christian. Geo. C. Stebbins.





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No Sorrow There.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. No sor-row there in yon-der clime, Be-yond the trou-bled waves of time;
2. Ah, who would dwell for-ev-er here, A-way from those we hold so dear—
3. A lit-tle while our watch to keep, A lit-tle while to wake and sleep,

No drear-y nights nor weeping eyes, No ach-ing hearts, nor bro-ken ties.
A-way from Him whose wondrous love Prepares for us a home a-bove?
To bear the cross, en-dure the pain— And then with Christ for-ev-er reign.

Refrain.

O per-fect rest, O calm re-pose, Where life's clear
per-fect rest, calm re-pose,

stream in beau-ty flows! And we can sing,
life's clear stream beau-ty flows! we can sing,

ritard.

with-out a care, No sor-row there, no sor-row there.
with-out a care, No sor-row there, no sor-row there.

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In the Shadow of the Rock.

Ray Palmer, D.D. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest),
All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide (while I hide),

2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread (where I tread),
Let me find a wel-come shade, cool and still (cool and still),

3. I in peace will rest me there till I see (till I see),
That the burn-ing heat is past, and the day (and the day),

When I feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast (thrill my breast),
And my tran-quil vig-il keep by Thy side (by Thy side).
With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head (o'er my head),
And my wea-ry steps be stayed by Thy will (by Thy will).
That the skies a-gain are fair o-ver me (o-ver me),
Bids the trav-el-er at last go his way (go his way).

Refrain.

Let me rest (let me rest), let me rest (let me rest), In the shadow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest); Let me rest (let me rest), let me rest (let me rest), In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest).

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Beyond Our Sight.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Be - yond our sight a cit - y four-square li - eth, A - bove the
2. Se - cure and strong, this heav'n-ly cit - y build - ed By Christ the
3. There, on the throne, the Lamb, once slain, is seat - ed, The Shepherd's
4. O sor-'wing souls, be - neath earth's bur - dens bend - ing, Lift up your

clouds, the fogs and mists of earth; And none but souls that Je - sus
Lamb for all the blood-wash'd throng, Gleams fair and bright, with gold - en
joy up - on His ho - ly face; While countless hosts, their war - fare
eyes to yon - der cit - y fair; And thro' your tears let praise be

pu - ri - fi - eth, Can see its walls, or hear its ho - ly mirth.
glo - ry gild - ed, For ev - er thrill - ing with tri - umph - ant song.
all com - plet - ed, In cir-cling bands lift ceace-less songs of praise.
still as - cend - ing, For rest, and home, and loved ones wait - ing there.

Chorus.

Be - yond our sight,..... be - yond our night, Be - yond this world's sad sto - ry; That cit - y bright,..... it stands in

Be - yond our sight, be - yond our night,

That cit - y bright,

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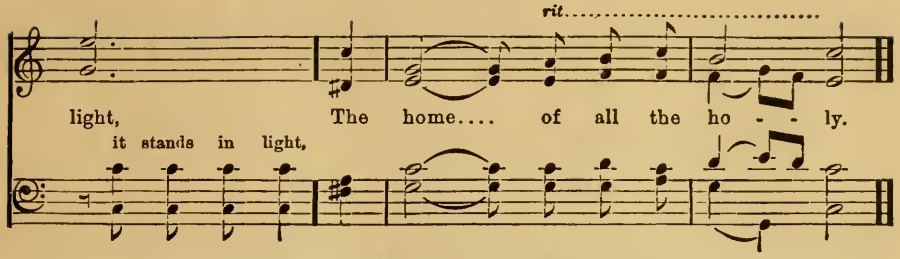
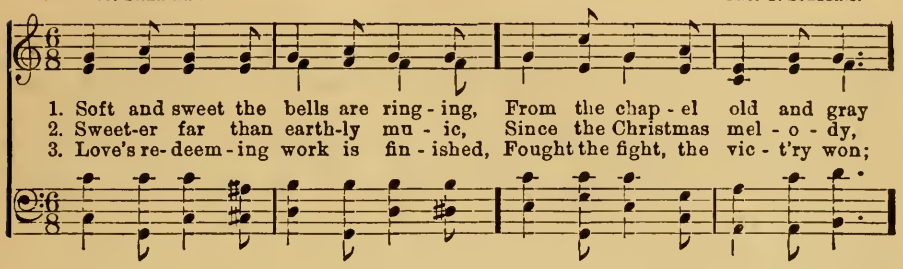
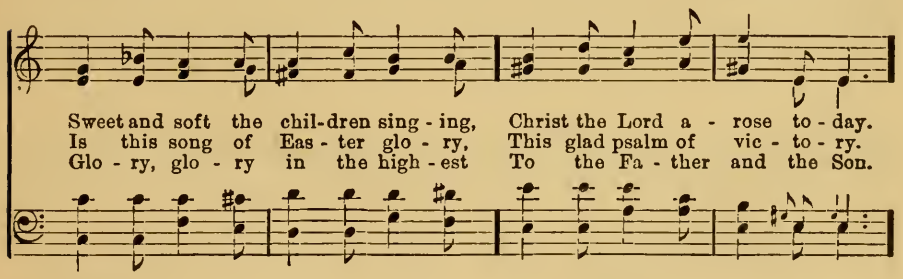
Beyond Our Sight.—Concluded.



31 Soft the Bells are Ringing.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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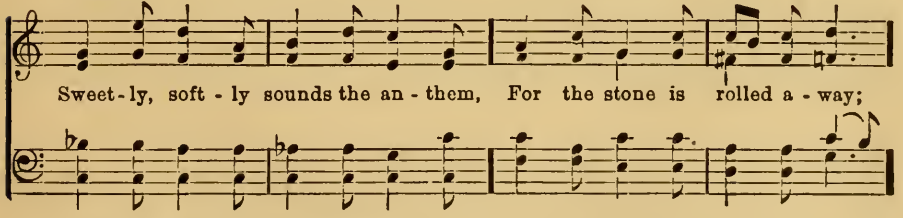

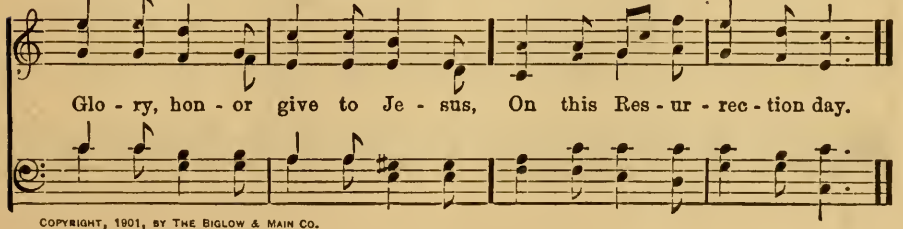

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My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. Shorey. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me;
2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry; He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys;
4. I have His yoke up - on me, And eas - y 'tis to bear;

He loves me with such per - fect love, He loves so faith - ful - ly!
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek.
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys.
In bur - dens which He ear - ries, I glad - ly take a share;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh;
He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath the sun - ny sky;
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
For 'tis my high - est hap - pi - ness To have Him al - ways nigh;

Refrain.

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
We bear the yoke to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,

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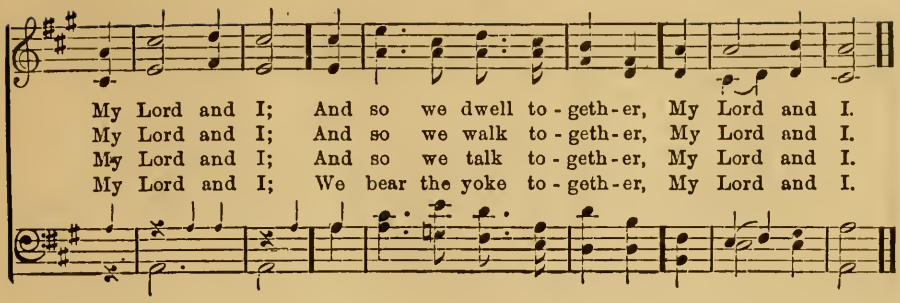
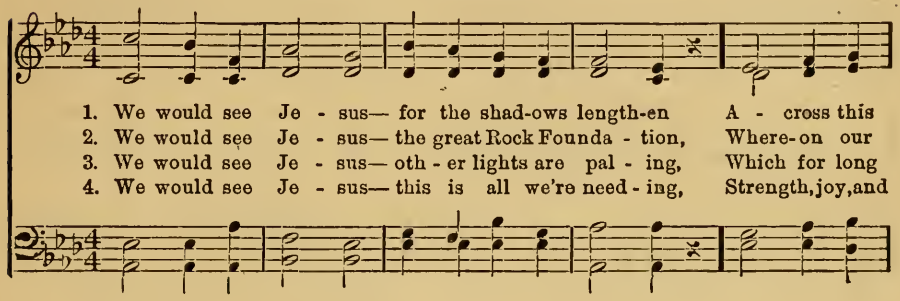
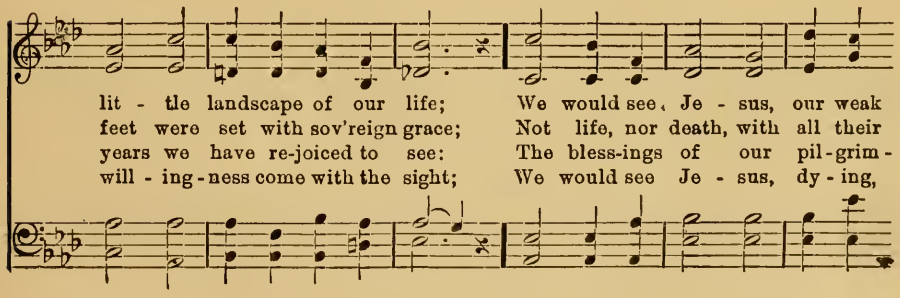
My Lord and I.—Concluded.

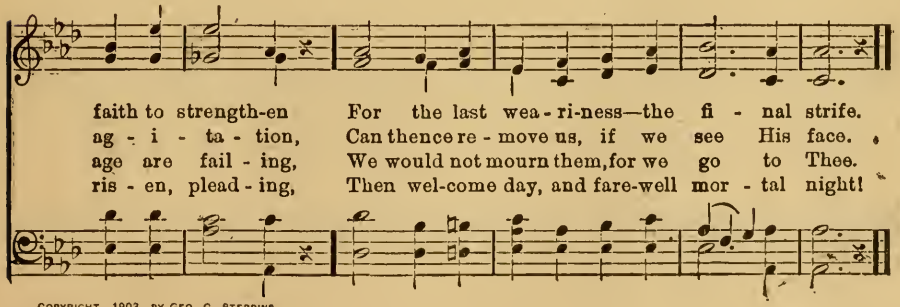


33 We would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.







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A Little While.

George Paulin. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A lit - tle while, and we shall be Where sin shall nev - er dwell;
2. A lit - tle while, and we shall stand A - mid the blood-wash'd throng;
3. A lit - tle while, and we shall meet The loved ones gone be - fore;
4. A lit - tle while, and we shall hear The Sav - iour's whisper, "Come;"

A lit - tle while, and we shall live Where songs of tri-umph swell.
A lit - tle while, and we shall sing The ev - er - last - ing song.
And we shall clasp their hands a - gain On yon - der ra - diant shore.
And we shall ev - er dwell with Him In our e - ter - nal home.

Chorus.

A lit - tle while, and we shall see Our
lit - tle while, we shall see, Shall

Sav - - iour, face to face, And we shall sing
see our Sav - iour, face to face, to face, we shall sing

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A Little While.—Concluded.

through end- less years, The won - ders of His grace.
end - less years, The won - ders of His..... grace, His grace.

35 There is a Land.

Words arr. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a land which lies a - far, Where grief is all un - known; A
2. We are but pil - grims on the earth, And brief our so - journ here; But
3. There is a realm of bound-less love, A goal for hearts dis - trest, Where

REFRAIN.

land wherein the an - gels sing A - round the heav'nly throne.
well we know when hence we go, There is a bright-ter sphere.
all may find for end - less years A home a - mong the blest.
O 'twill be

sweet when we shall meet Up - on that dis - tant shore, Where-on the glo - rious

sun ne'er sets, But shines for- ev - er more, But shines for - ev - er - more.

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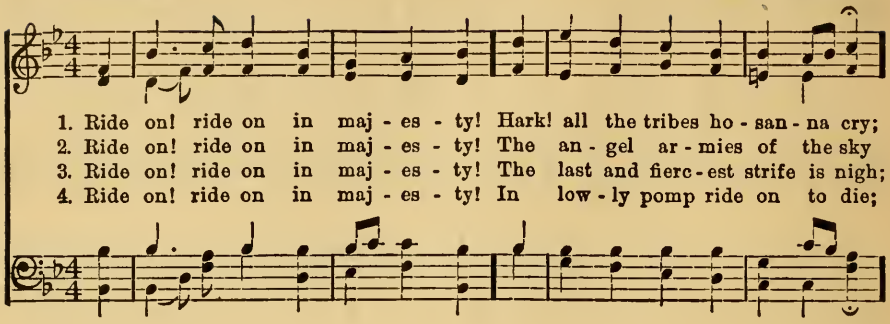
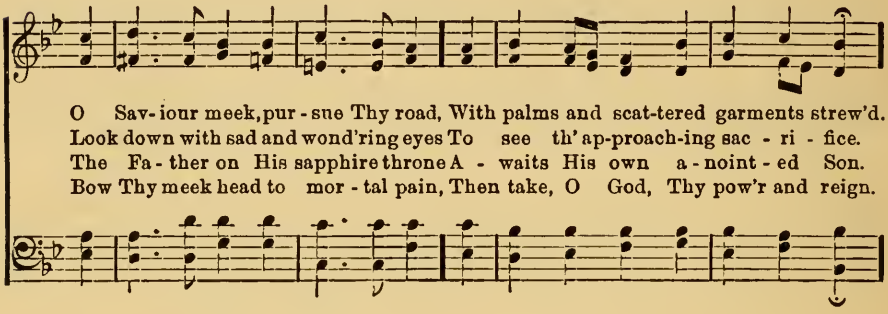
Ride on in Majesty.

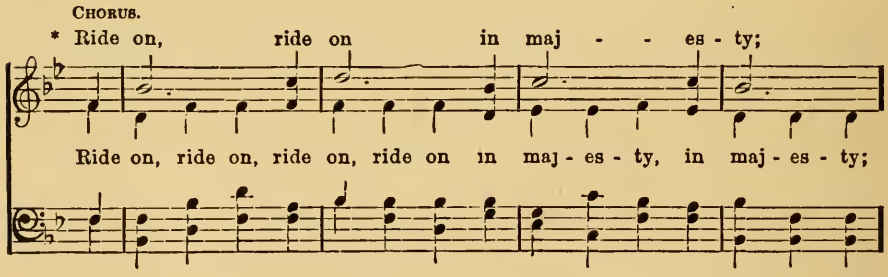
H. H. Milman. Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;



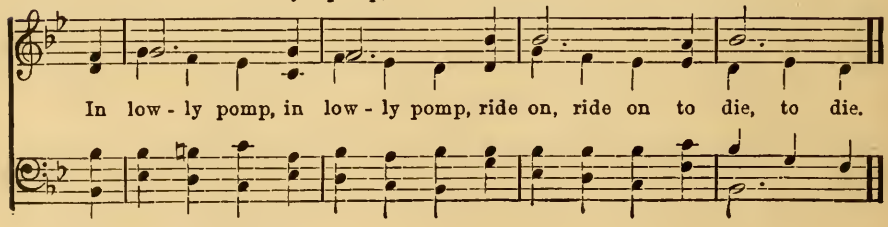
O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road, With palms and scat-tered garments strew'd.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see th' ap-proach-ing sac - ri - fice.
The Fa - ther on His sapphire throne A - waits His own a - noint - ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.



Chorus.

* Ride on, ride on in maj - - es - ty;

Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty, in maj - es - ty;



In low - - ly pomp, ride on to die.

In low - ly pomp, in low - ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

* Chorus in unison, if preferred.

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Mighty to Save.

Rev. R. W. Todd. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Oh, who is this that com - eth From E - dom's crim - son plain,
2. Oh, why is Thine ap - par - el So ver - y deep - ly dyed?—
3. O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - iour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?

With wound - ed side; with gar-ments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name.
Like them that tread the wine - press red? Oh, why this crim - son tide?
With mer - cy fraught, Thine arm has brought Sal - va - tion in Thy name!

"I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in
"I the wine-press trod a - lone, 'Neath sorrow's wave; Of the peo - ple
"I the vic - to - ry have won, Con-quered the grave: Now the year of

Chorus.

righteousness, Might - y to save!"
there was none Might - y to save!" } Might - y to save! to save! Might - y to
joy has come, Might - y to save!"

save! to save! Lord, I'll trust Thy wond'rous love, "Might - y to save!"

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Eye hath Not Seen.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1 They tell me of a land so fair, Un - seen by mor - tal eyes,
2 They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song,
3 No ra - diant beams from sun or moon A - dorn that land so fair,
4 O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care,

Where spring in fade-less beau - ty blooms, Be - neath un - cloud - ed skies.
Where an - gel choirs their an-thems join With yon - der blood-washed throng.
For He who sits up - on the throne Shines forth re - splen - dent there.
What will our song of tri-umph be When we shall en - ter there!

Refrain.

"Eye..... hath not seen,..... ear..... hath not
"Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

heard,..... Nei - ther hath it en - tered in - to the
ear hath not heard, Nei - ther hath en - tered, en - tered in - to the

heart.... of man,..... The things..... which
heart, the heart of man, of man, The things, the things which

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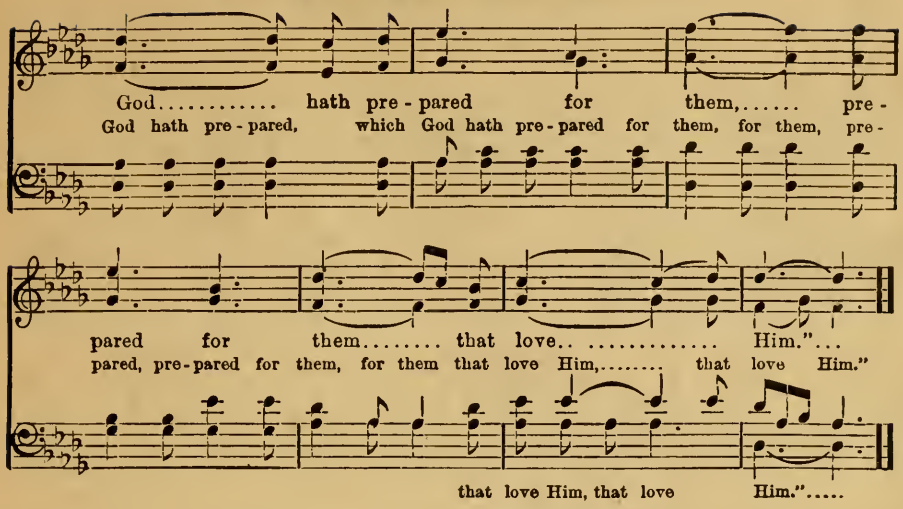
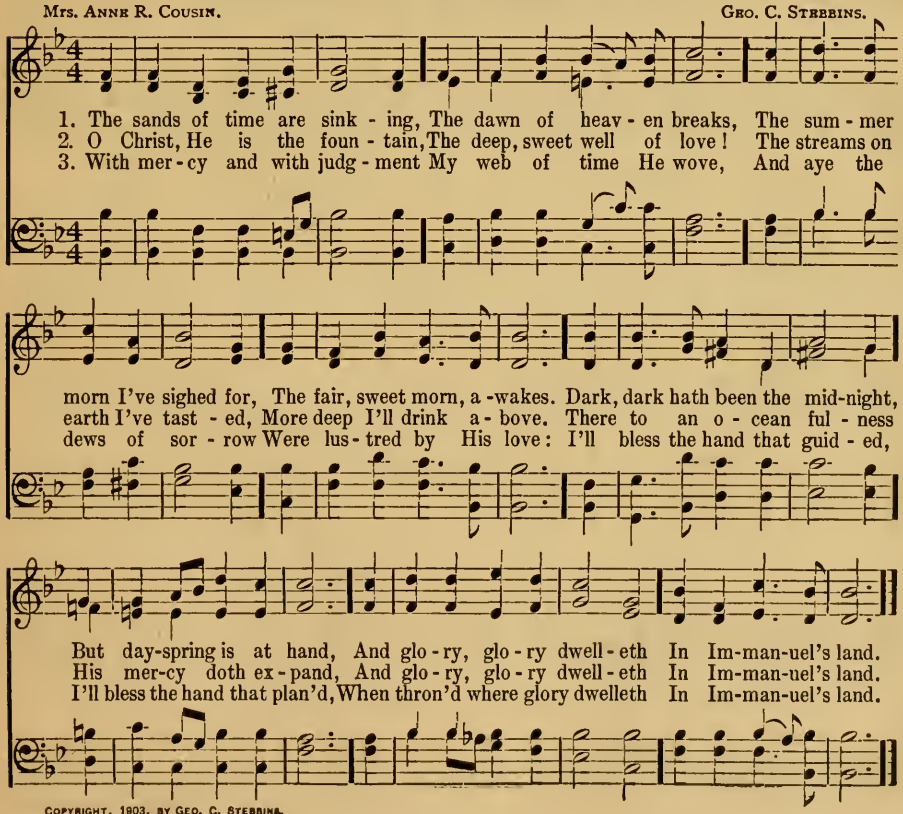
Eye hath Not Seen.—Concluded.



39 The Sands of Time are Sinking.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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"But for a Moment."

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment."—II Cor. 4 : 17.

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "But for a mo - ment"—this val - ley of sor - rows, Darken'd with shad - ows and heav - y with sighs; Bright dawns the mor - row, the glo - ri - ous mor - row! Faint not! The sun shall with heal - ing a - rise!
2. "Far more ex - ceed - ing" the heav - en - ly glo - ry— Suf - fer - ings here with it can - not com - pare. Glo - ry e - ter - nal the guer - don for an - guish— Ra - di - ant crowns, for the thorns, o - ver there!
3. Tem - po - ral things like a va - por shall van - ish. High - er than earth lies the land of our choice. Up - ward we press to the king - dom e - ter - nal; Je - sus, our King, we be - hold and re - joice!

REFRAIN.

"But for a moment!" On - ly a moment! Light our affliction—'twill soon pass a - way.

"But for a moment!" On - ly a moment! Then comes the glory, for - ev - er and aye!

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Through the Gates.

Mrs. Mary Fraser. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Through the gates in - to the cit - y, Pass the shin - ing white-robed band;
2. Through the gates in - to the cit - y, There to see the Sav - iour's face,
3. Through the gates in - to the cit - y, In - to realms of end - less day;
4. Through the gates in - to the cit - y, There to join the blood-wash'd throng,

Gath - ered out of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hab - it - ants of ev - 'ry land.
Who, to bring us to His glo - ry, Suf - fered for a guilt - y race.
Grief and sigh - ing fled for - ev - er, And all tears are wiped a - way.
Chant - ing their Re - deem - er's prais - es In tri - umph - ant, ho - ly song.

Refrain.

May God bring us there,..... To that land so fair;.....
bring us there, that land so fair;

Where we may rest, for - ev - er blest; Oh, may God bring us there!.....
bring us there!

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In the Secret of His Presence.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
There is cool and pleas-ant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa-tient - ly He list-ens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide be-neath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when

cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Sav-iour rests be-side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meet-ing place, You must mind and bear the

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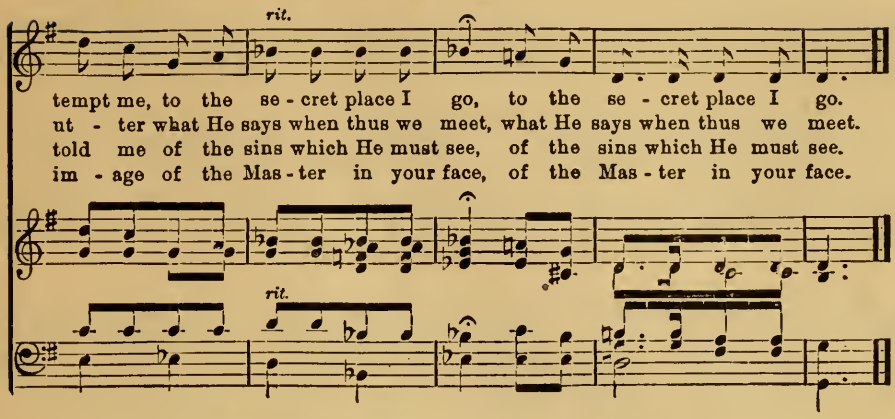
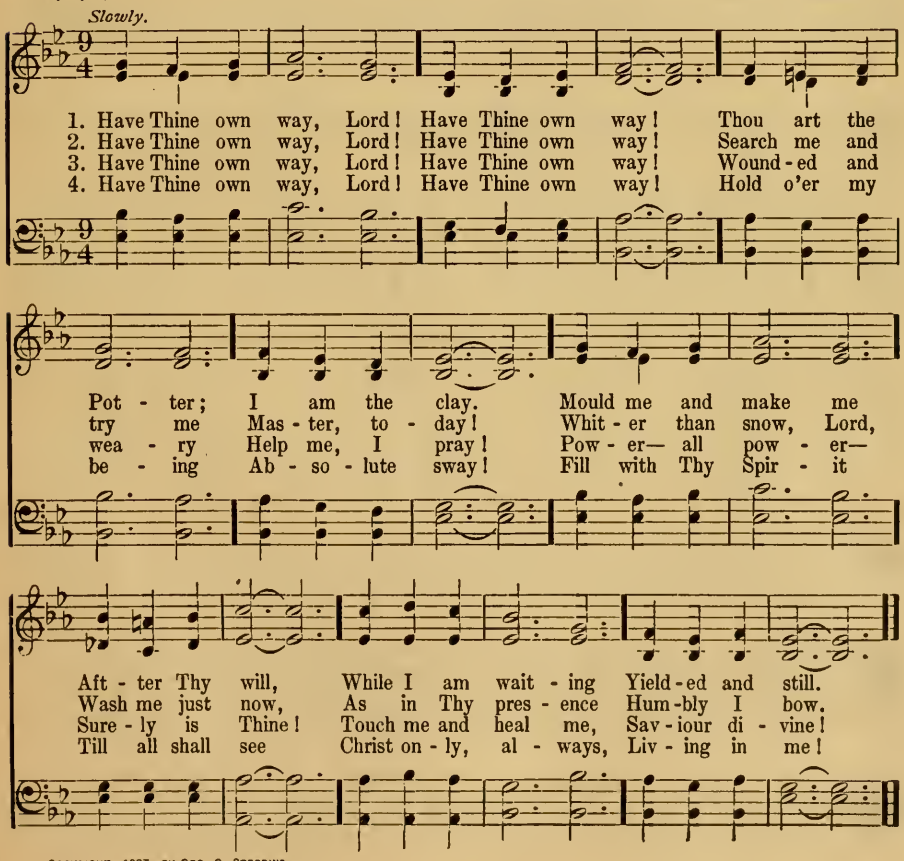
In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.



43 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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We Shall Meet and Rest.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Where the fad - ed flower shall fresh - en, Fresh - en nev - er - more to fade;
2. Where the love that here we lav - ish On the wither - ing leaves of time,
3. Where no shad - ow shall be - wil - der, Where life's vain pa - rade is o'er;

Where the shad - ed sky shall bright - en, Bright - en nev - er more to shade;
Shall have fade - less flowers to fix on In an ev - er spring-bright clime;
Where the sleep of sin is bro - ken, And the dream - er dreams no more;

Where the morn shall wake in glad - ness, And the noon the joy pro - long;
Where we find the joy of lov - ing, As we nev - er loved be - fore—
Where the child has found the moth - er, Where the moth - er finds the child,

Where the day - light dies in fra - grance, 'Mid the burst of ho - ly song;—
Lov - ing on, un-chilled, un - hin - dered— Lov - ing once and ev - er - more;—
Where the loved ones all are gath - ered, That were scat - tered on the wild;—

Refrain.

We shall meet and we shall rest, 'Mid the ho - ly and the blest;

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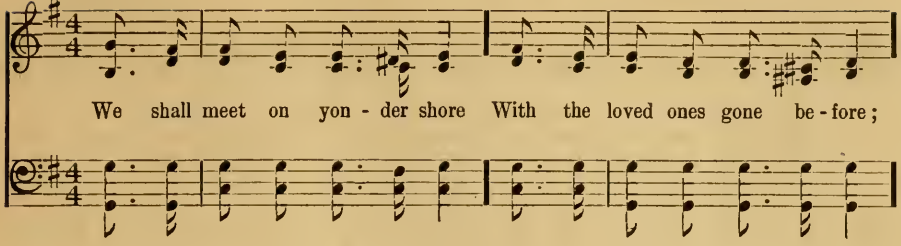
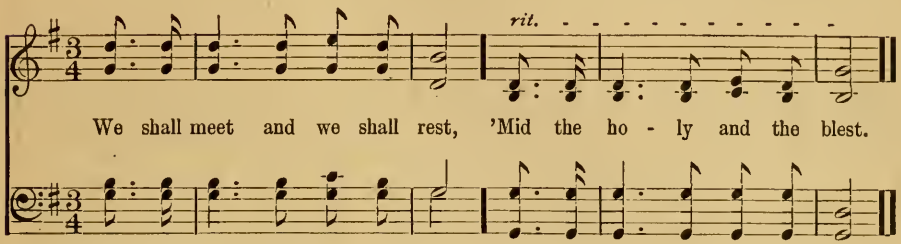
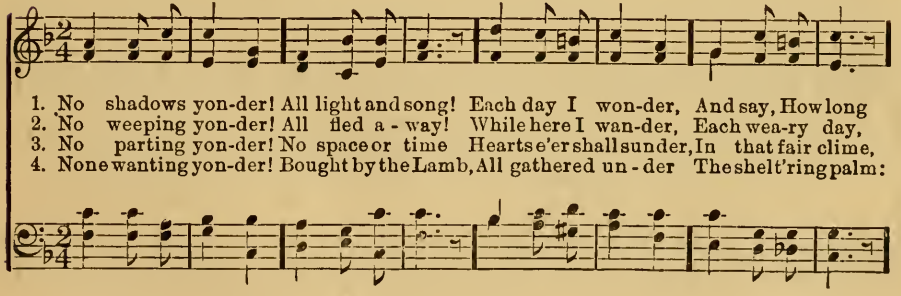
We Shall Meet and Rest.—Concluded.

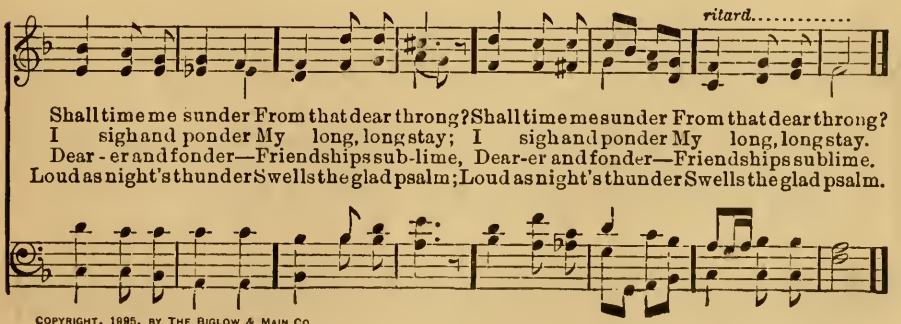




45 No Shadows Yonder.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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Peaceful Be.

Tr. from K. R. Hagenback. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Since thy Fa-ther's arm sus-tains thee, Peace-ful be (peace-ful be),
2. With-out mur-mur, un-com-plain-ing, In His hand (in His hand)
3. Fear-est some-times that Thy Fa-ther Hath for-got (hath for-got)?
4. To His own the Sav-iour giv-eth Dai-ly strength (dai-ly strength),

When a chastening hand re-strains thee, It is He (it is He),
Leave what-ev-er things thou canst not Un-der-stand (un-der-stand),
When the clouds a-round thee gath-er, Doubt Him not (doubt Him not);
To each trou-bled soul that liv-eth, Peace at length (peace at length)

Know His love in full com-pleteness Fills the meas-ure of thy weak-ness,
Tho' the world thy fol-ly spurn-eth, From thy faith in pit-y turn-eth,
Al-ways hath the day-light bro-ken, Al-ways hath He com-fort spok-en,
Weak-est lambs have larg-est shar-ing Of the ten-der shepherd's car-ing,

rit.

If He wound thy spir-it sore, Trust Him more (trust Him more).
Peace thy in-most soul shall fill, Ly-ing still (ly-ing still).
Bet-ter hath He been for years, Than thy fears (than thy fears).
Ask Him not then, when or how, On-ly bow (on-ly bow).

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The Everlasting Arms.

FLORA KIRKLAND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. Chris-tian sol - diers, for - ward far - ing, Thro' the world where so
2. When the bat - tle ceas - es rag - ing, When the voice of the
3. "I am with thee," lo! He speak-eth, And His voice qui - ets

oft the foe a - larms; Cling more close - ly to the prom - ise, "Un - der -
tempter sub - tly charms, Turn to Je - sus, He is near thee, "Un - der -
all the soul's a - larms; Bless - ed Je - sus! we will trust Thee, "Un - der -

CHORUS.

neath are the ev - er - last - ing arms!" Fear no lon - ger, God is stronger

Than the foe that your fee - ble faith a - larms; Trust Him ev - er,

doubt-ing nev - er, "Un - der - neath are the ev - er - last - ing arms!"

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By Grace are Ye Saved.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. 'Tis not by works that we have done, Our souls re-deem'd shall be;
2. 'Tis not by works that we can do, Our right-eous-ness is vain;
3. 'Tis not by works of ours, that we Can know our sins for-giv'n;
4. 'Tis not our works, but Christ's a-lone, Then rest thy anx-ious soul;

But by the blood of God's dear Son, Who died on Cal-va-ry.
But by what Christ Himself hath done, E-ter-nal life we gain.
But by the liv-ing word of Him Who pleads for us in heav'n.
For safe thou art on Him thy Rock While end-less a-ges roll.

Chorus.

By Grace are ye saved, By Grace are ye saved thro' faith,
are ye saved, by.... Grace are ye saved,

And that..... not of your-selves,.... It is the gift of God.
and that your-selves,

By Grace are ye saved, By Grace are ye saved thro' faith,
are ye saved, by.... Grace are ye saved,

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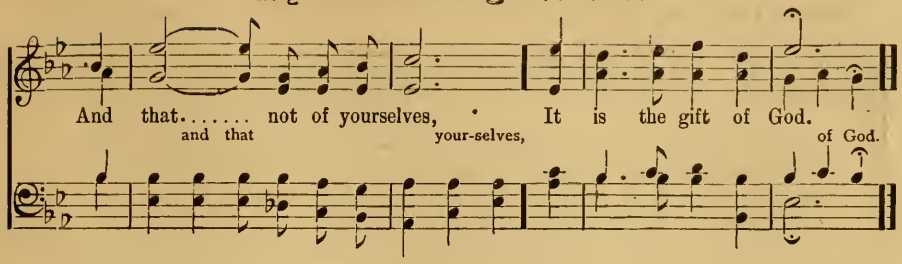
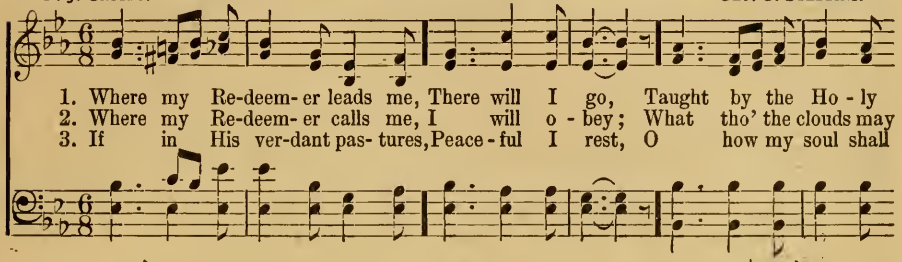
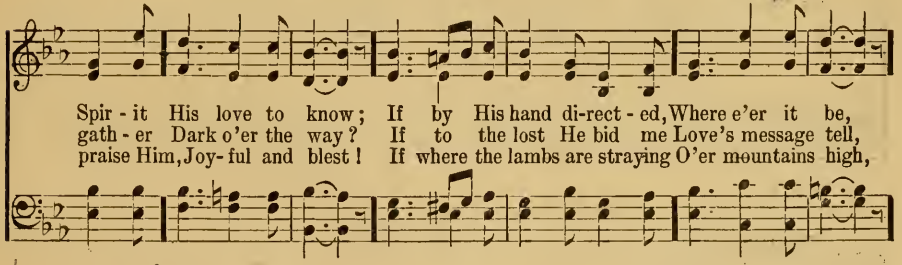
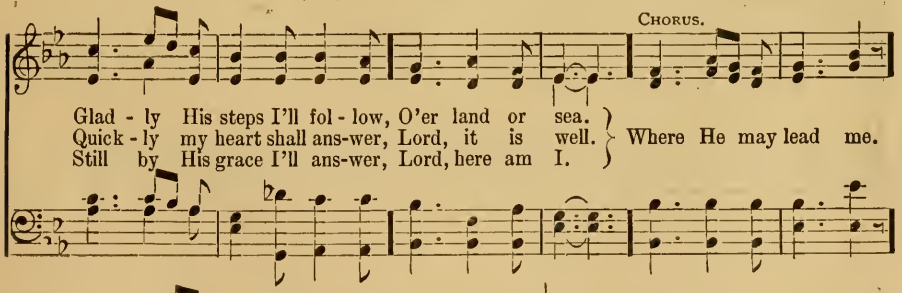


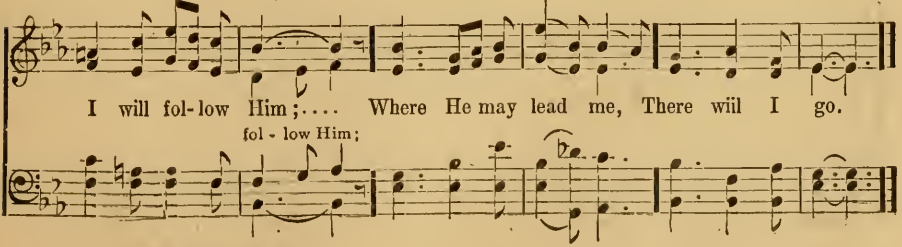
49 Where My Redeemer Leads Me.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.









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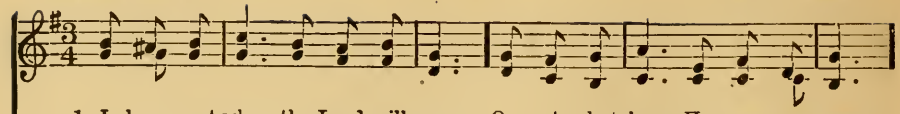
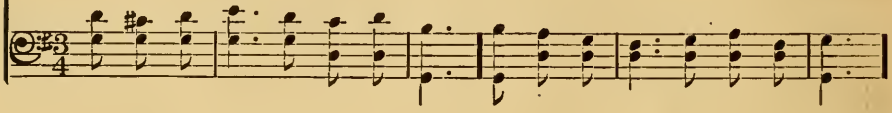
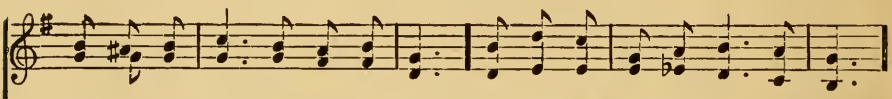
He is Near.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

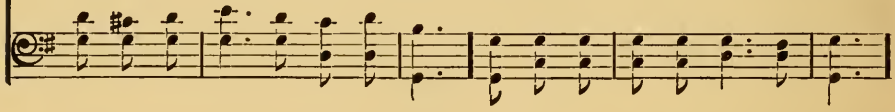


1. I know not when the Lord will come, Or at what hour He may ap-pear,
2. I know not what of time re-mains, To run its course in this low sphere,
3. I know not what is yet to run Of spring or sum-mer, green or sere,
4. The cen-tu-ries have come and gone, Dark cen-tu-ries of ab-sence drear;
5. I do not think it can be long, 'Till in His glo-ry He ap-pear;

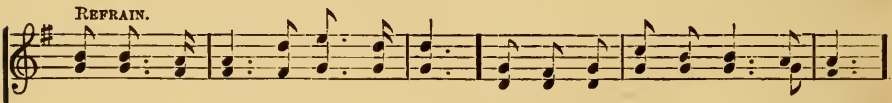




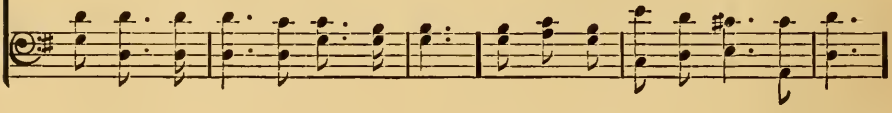
Whether at mid-night or at morn, Or at what sea-son of the year.
Or what a-waits of calm or storm, Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.
Of death or life, of pain or peace, Of shade or shine, of song or tear.
I dare not chide the long de-lay, Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.
And yet I dare not name the day, Nor fix the sol-emn ad-vent year.

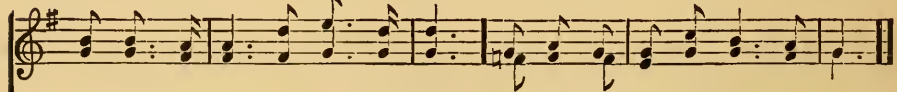


Refrain.

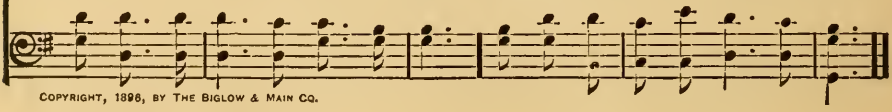


I on-ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear;





I on-ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear.



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Beyond.

FLORA KIRKLAND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - yond earth's lat - est sun - set There lies a coun-try bright,
2. Be - yond earth's fi - nal heart-ache There lies a land of peace,
3. Be - yond earth's lat - est suf - f'ring There lies a coun-try fair,
4. O land be - yond the sun - set, Where time shall be no more,

Where fade-less day is glow - ing, That nev - er sinks to night.
Where sor - row nev - er com - eth, Where pain and troub - le cease.
Where dwell-ers are im - mor - tal; No death can en - ter there.
Some bright ec - stat - ic morn - ing We'll sight thy peace-ful shore!

REFRAIN.

"No night there!" No sor-row and no fears; "No night
No night there! no night there! No night there!

there!" No pain, no death, no tears; "No night there!" Where
no night there! No night there! no night there!

care hath pass'd a - way; "No night there!" But endless, fade - less day.
No night there! no night there! fadeless, fadeless

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Shepherd of Israel.

A. A. P. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, keep - ing Thy sheep— Nev - er for - get - ting in
2. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false hire - ling
3. Shepherd of Is - ra - el! strong is Thine arm, Shielding Thy flock from each
4. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de - liv - er Thy

slum-ber or sleep; Fold-ing them gen - tly when night cometh on, Go - ing be -
ser-vant hath flown; Lay-ing Thy life down their par-don to win, Shedding Thy
threaten - ing harm; Gath'ring the lambs as they fal - ter and fall, Safe in Thy
"lit - tle flock" here! Just to be - hold Thee their rich-est re - ward— Shepherd of

Chorus.

fore them at break of the dawn!
blood to re - deem them from sin!
bo - som en - fold - ing them all!
Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!
} Shep-herd of Is - ra - el! Shep-herd of love!

Watch-ing Thy flock from the glo - ry a - bove! Knowing how wea - ry their

wil - der - ness way; Pray - ing for them—ev - er liv - ing to pray!

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The Shepherd True.

F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Sav-iour came un - to me;
2. At... first I would not heark-en, But.... put off till the mor-row,
3. At... last I stopped to list - en— *His*.... voice could ne'er de-ceive me—
4. I.... thought His love would weak-en As..... more and more He knew me,

For the paths of sin were drear - y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till... life be - gan to dark - en, And . I grew sick with sor - row;
I..... saw His kind eye glist - en, So.... anx-ious to re - lieve me;
But it burn-eth like a bea - con, And its light and heat go thro' me;

And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way,—

Refrain.

Wand'ring souls, O *do* come near Me; My sheep should nev - er fear Me;

Ritard.

I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

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Where do You Stand To-night?

Jno. R. Clements. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Where do you stand to - night? On sink - ing sand, or sol - id rock
2. Have you a hope to - night? Steadfast and sure with - in the veil,
3. Who is your guide to - night? Christ is the Way, thro' Him a - lone
4. If He should come to - night, Would pear-ly gate, by streets of gold

That can with - stand the tem - pest shock? Oh, where do you stand to - night?
To firm en - dure what-e'er as - sail? Oh, have you a hope to - night?
Can end - less day and joy be known, Oh, who is your guide to - night?
Where an - gels wait, for you un - fold? If He should come to - night?

Chorus.

Where, where do you stand to - night? Where, where do you stand?

On Christ, the Rock, or on sink - ing sand? Oh, where do you stand to - night?

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"Jesus of Galilee."

(Note. — We often hear the expressions "Jesus of Nazareth," "Man of sorrows," "Prince of peace." I was startled in my Bible-reading this morning with Matthew's title of Christ in the sixty-ninth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of his Gospel. I may have read it many times before, probably have; but to-day the three words, "Jesus of Galilee," loomed up as the largest ones on the page.)

John R. Clements. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I have a friend, Oh, such a friend, "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee;"
2. No bur - dens press my soul the while; "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee;"
3. His yoke is ea - sy, ev - er so, "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee;"
4. The day will come, I known not when, "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee;"
5. As day - light breaks up - on the hills, "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee;"
6. Fair - est of all the sons of men, "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee;"

He loves with love that knows no end, And He is all to me.
Dis - pels them with His lov - ing smile, And sets from sad - ness free.
In Him I find no weight of woe; He bids dis - tress - es flee.
Will walk the paths of earth a - gain, And men His face shall see.
The sweet-ness of Thy com - fort fills My nights with min - strel - sy.
In love He seeks the lost a - gain, The Friend of friends is He.

Chorus.

"Je - sus of Gal - i - lee,".... "Je - sus of Gal - i - lee.".....

He loves with love that knows no end, And He is all to me.

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Who are These?

Anna Shipton. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the gold - en harps a - bove?
2. Who are these that keep their sta - tion Round the great e - ter - nal throne?
3. See their robes of dazzling white-ness, With-out blem - ish, spot or stain;
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day,
5. Sweet their theme: 'tis still "sal-va - tion Un - to Christ the Ho - ly One,"

Hark! they tell of grace a - bound-ing, And Je - ho - vah's sov'reign love.
They from earth - ly trib - u - la - tion To their heav'n-ly rest are gone.
See their crowns that grow in brightness, Pur-chased by the Lamb once slain.
By the heav'n - ly fount He leads them, He hath wiped their tears a - way.
And their sighs of trib - u - la - tion Change to songs a - round the throne.

Chorus. *Slowly.*

These are they (These are they) who wash'd their robes (who wash'd their robes) and made them white (and made them white) in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).

These are they (These are they) who wash'd their robes (who wash'd their robes) and

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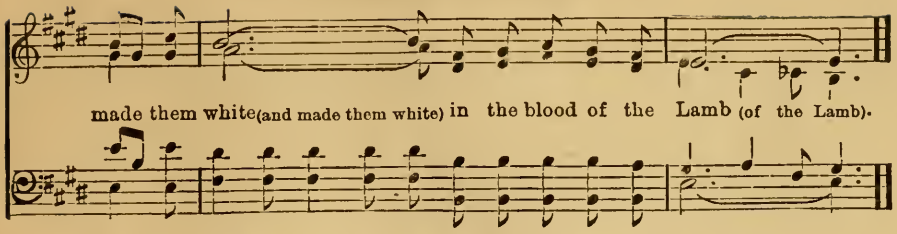
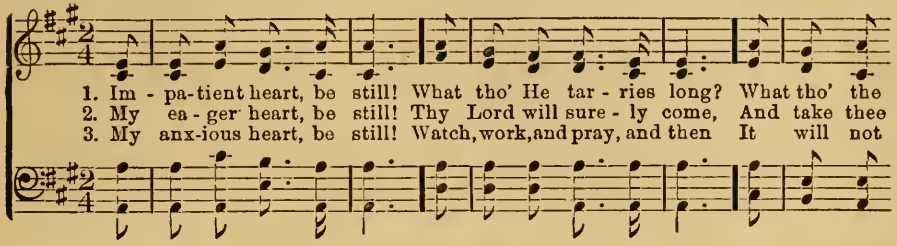
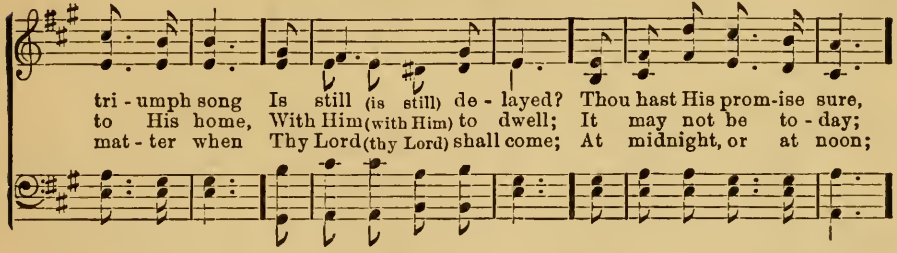
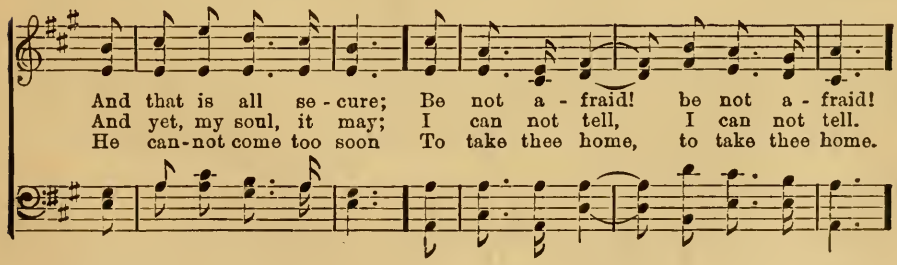


57 Impatient Heart, be Still!

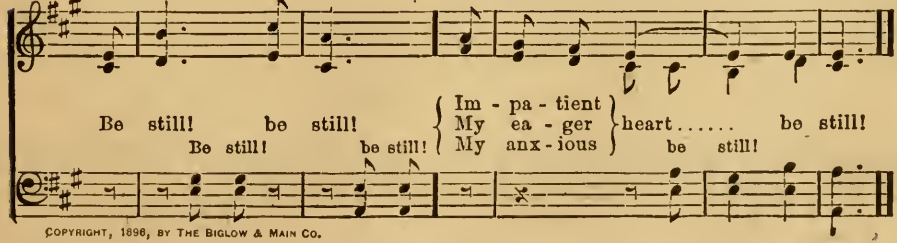
Geo. A. Warburton. Geo. C. Stebbins.







Refrain. *Rit.*



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Perfect Peace.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Pre-cious words, like mu - sic steal - ing O'er the trou - bled heart op - prest;
2. Pre-cious words that cheer us on - ward, When the way is dark and drear;
3. Pre-cious words of ho - ly prom - ise, From the home of an - gels bright;
4. Pre-cious words that lift us up - ward, All our earth - ly cares a - bove;

To the wea - ry, faint - ing spir - it, Breath-ing com - fort, hope and rest.
Light-ing up the path be - fore us, While their lov - ing tones we hear.
By the Spir - it soft - ly whis - pered, In the si - lent hours of night.
To the Fount of life e - ter - nal, And the source of end - less love.

Chorus.

"Thou... wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind..... is
Thou, Thou whose mind

stayed on Thee,..... Be - cause..... he trust - eth in
Thee, on Thee, be - cause

rit.

Thee,..... Be - cause..... he trust - eth in Thee."....
in Thee, be - cause, in Thee.

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Jesus, I Come.

WILLIAM T. SLEEPER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2 Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3 Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of my home Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sor-rows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of des-pair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a-dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1 When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn-ing
2 When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4 When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns—
wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace—
dear ones long re-moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved—
eyes no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn—

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied: I.... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in
When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I.... shall be sat - is - fied, I.... shall be
I shall be I shall be

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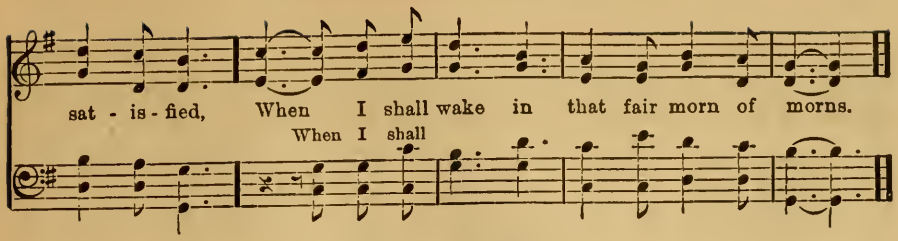
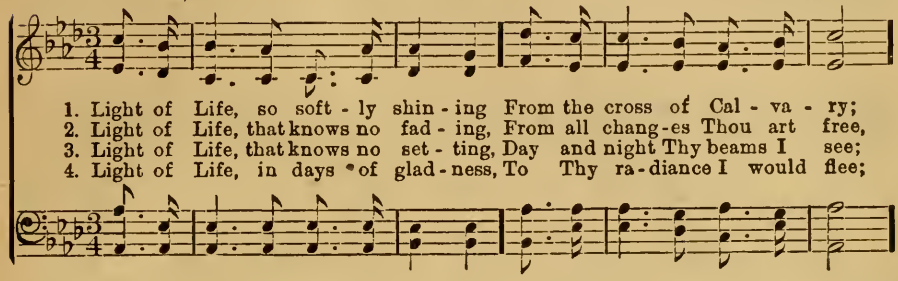
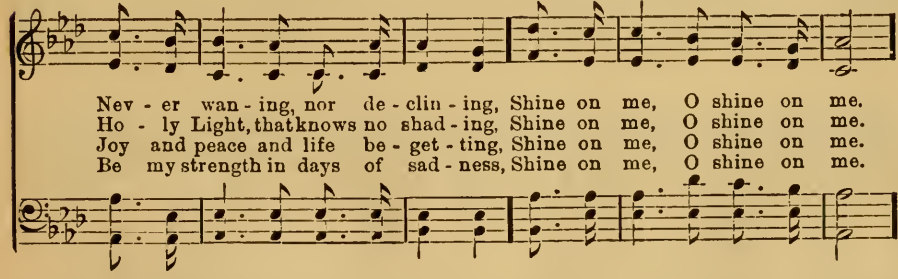


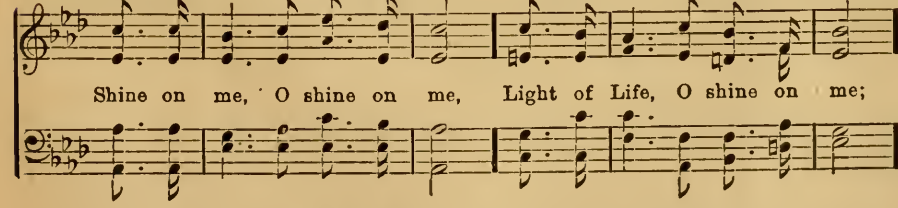
61 Light of Life.

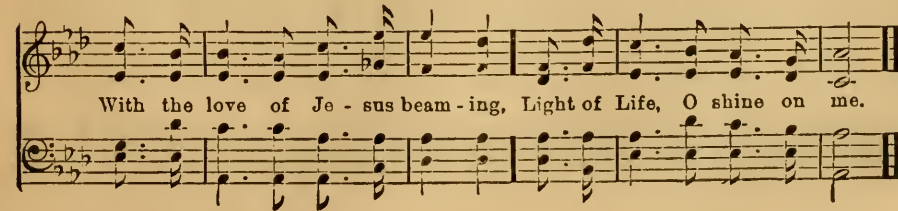
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





CHORUS.





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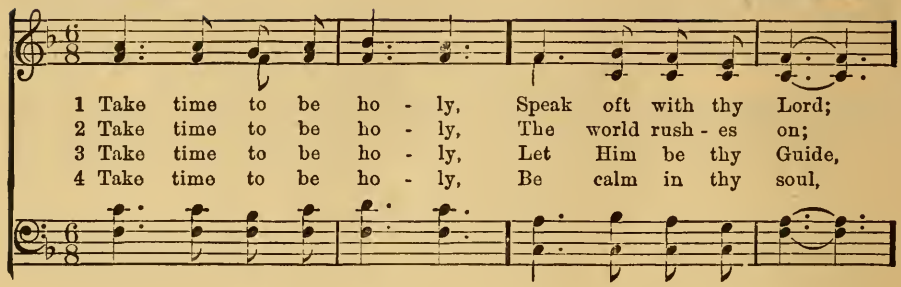
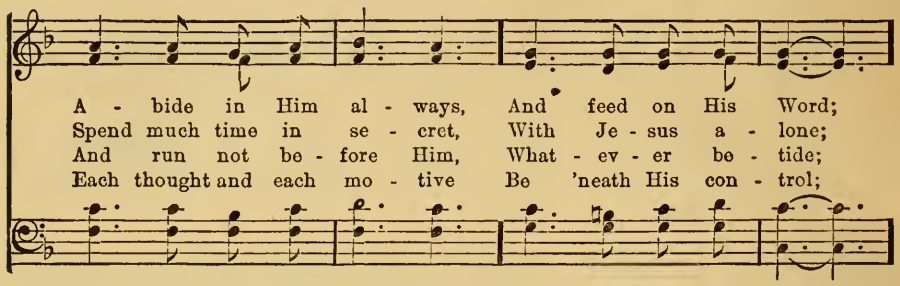
Take Time to be Holy.

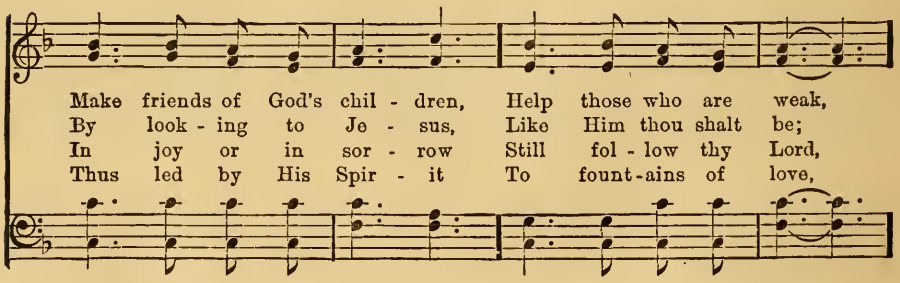
W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.



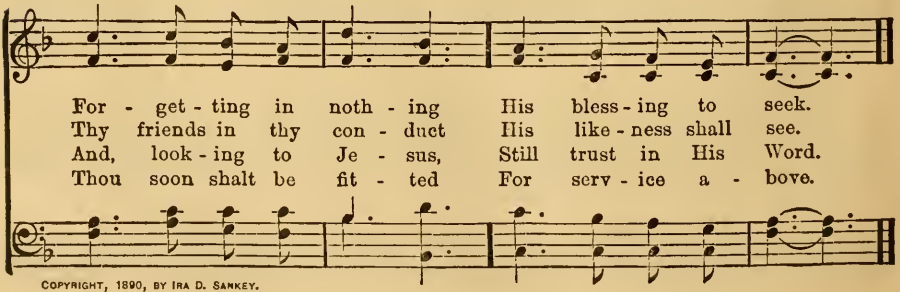
1 Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2 Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3 Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4 Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,



A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be 'neath His con - trol;



Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,



For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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"We Shall be Like Him."

Flora Kirkland. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. "We shall be like Him," the Son of God most ho - ly, "We shall be like Him," sweet
2. "We shall be like Him," this promise lights the fu- ture, Shedding soft radiance up-
3. "We shall be like Him," the glo - ri - fied Re - deem-er; His lov-ing kindness this

prom-ise of His grace! Christian, press forward! some bright, some glad to-morrow
on our pathway dim. He who redeemed us, the Lamb once slain on Cal - v'ry,
add - ed grace be - stows! We shall be - hold Him no more with clouded vi - sion,

Refrain.

"We shall be like Him," for we shall see His face.
Shines now in glo - ry;— and we shall be like Him.
Bright-er and bright-er to faith the prospect grows.

"We.. shall be like Him,

shall

We.. shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as.... He is; We..shall be

shall we He shall

like Him, we.. shall be like Him, For.. we shall see Him as.... He is."

we

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There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful Re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

Refrain.

There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

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Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. Simpson, D. D. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev- er- more to sink in night.
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain.
3. Some sweet hour our mor- tal frame Shall His glo - rious im- age wear.
4. Some sweet day our tongue shall tell All the sto - ry of His love.
5. Some sweet morn we'll see His face, And we shall be sat - is - fied.

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev - er more to sink in night,

Some sweet morn we shall a - wake 'Mid the ev - er - last- ing light!
Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev- er -more to part a - gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His ma - jes - ty shall share.
Some sweet day our song shall swell Loud and sweet as songs a - bove.
Some sweet day in His em- brace We shall ev - er- more a - bide.

Some sweet morn we shall a - wake 'Mid the ev - - er - last- ing light,

Refrain.

We are wait - ing for "the turn - ing of the morn - ing," We are

morn-ing, of the morning,"

watch-ing for the break-ing of the dawn;..... Morn of morns, oh,

of the dawn; Morn of morns,

rit.

haste thy glad ap- pear - ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

Day of days, speed on,

ap - pear-ing, glad ap-pear-ing!

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Trusting in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Shep-herd and Sav - iour di - vine, Trust - ing in Thee,
2. What tho' a - round me the bil - lows may roll? Trust - ing in Thee,
3. What if the shad - ows en - com - pass my way? Trust - ing in Thee,
4. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Re - deem - er and Friend, Trust - ing in Thee,

trust - ing in Thee; O what a fore - taste of glo - ry is mine
trust - ing in Thee; Firm on the Rock I have an - chored my soul;
trust - ing in Thee; Lord, Thou hast promised Thy strength as my day,
trust - ing in Thee; Thou wilt de - liv - er and Thou wilt de - fend,

CHORUS.

While I am trust - ing in Thee!
Lord, I am trust - ing in Thee.
While I am trust - ing in Thee.
While I am trust - ing in Thee.

Trust - ing, trust - ing,
Trust-ing, trust-ing, I am trust-ing,

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, in Thee (in Thee); O what a fore - taste of

glo - ry is mine, While I am trust - ing in Thee!

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It is Better Not to Know.

T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. It is bet-ter not to know what the future holds Of sadness, or of bright sur-prise;
2. It is bet-ter not to know why our fondest hopes Should vanish with the passing years;
3. It is bet-ter not to know when the end will come, If soon-er than to-day we dream;
4. It is bet-ter not to know; on-ly this we know, He guides us with a sleep-less eye;
5. It is bet-ter not to know, but our Father knows, In this as-sur-ance we may rest;

And our Fa-ther in His mer-cy has wise-ly plann'd, To veil it from our wond'ring eyes.
Why these human hearts of ours must so deeply drink Of lone-li-ness, and pain and tears.
Whether in a solemn hush, or the roar of storm, Our feet will cross the rolling stream.
And by all we suf-fer here He pre-pares our souls For fel-low-ship with Him on high.
He will tem-per to our strength all the ills of life, And send us on-ly what is best.

Chorus.

It is bet-ter (it is bet-ter) not to know, It is not to know,
bet-ter (it is bet-ter) not to know; Then, what-e'er the fu-ture bring, not to know;
let us trust and sing. It is bet-ter, it is bet-ter not to know (not to know).

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True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
2 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence-
3 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great

lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
lov - ing o - be-dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tious vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren-dered and whol - ly Thine own.

CHORUS.

Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
Peal si - lence Song

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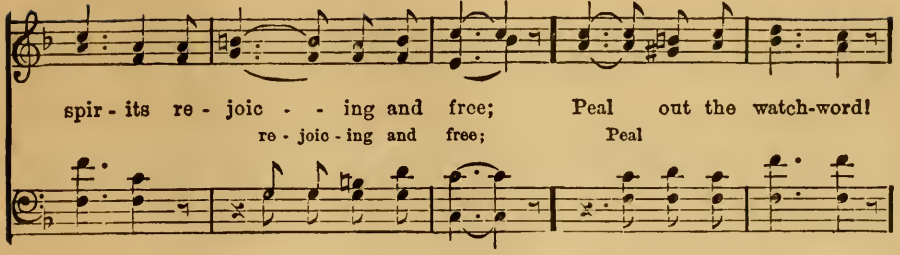
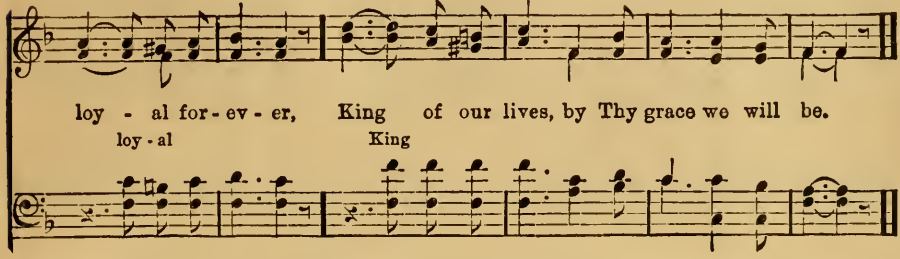
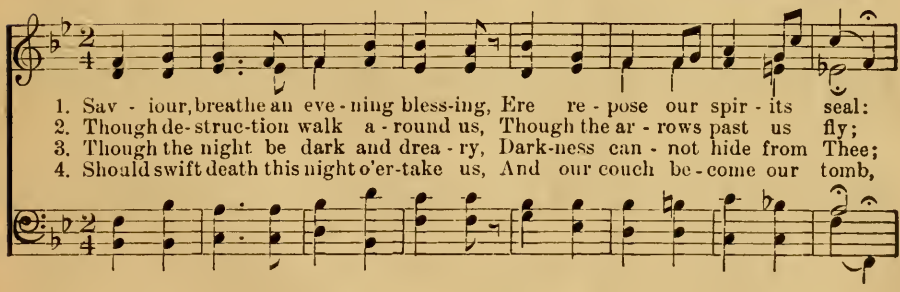
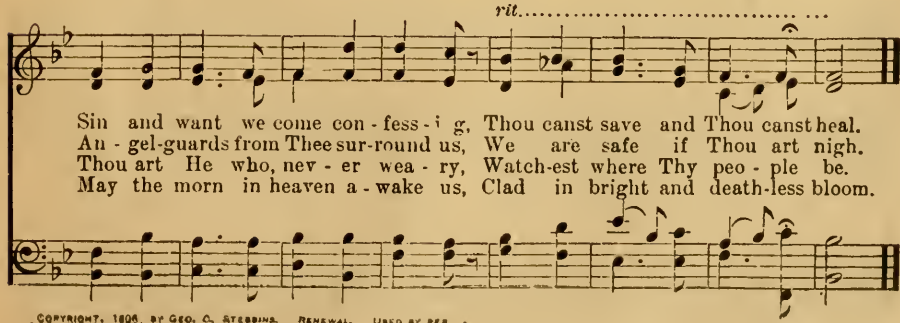




69 Evening Prayer.

James Edmeston. George C. Stebbins.





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The Redeemed of the Lord.

FRANCES V. HUBBARD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn To Zi - on with mu - sic and
2. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn From lands where, as cap-tives, they
3. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn With sing - ing for Zi - on's bright

song; And dai - ly sweet les - sons of mer - cy will learn, As they
sighed; With love and de - vo - tion their spir - its shall burn, As they
day; Far, far on the hill - tops their glad eyes dis - cern, And..

CHORUS.

jour - ney the path - way a - long.
sing of the Once Cru - ci - fied.
sor - row and fear flee a - way.
} With joy and with sing-ing.

With joy

Thanks-giv - - ing and praise, Their sweet voic - es ring - ing
Thanks-giv - ing and with praise, Their sweet

In tri - umph-ant lays; His mer - cy and good-ness Shall still
mer-cy, mer-cy Shall still

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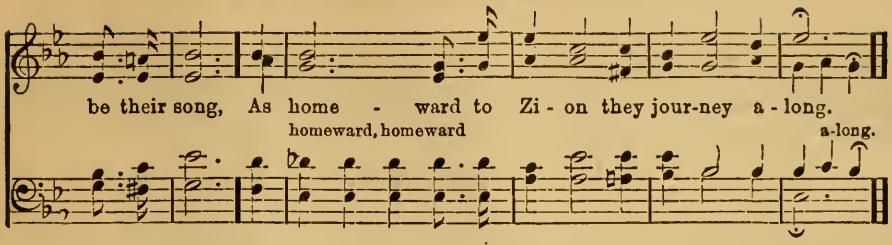
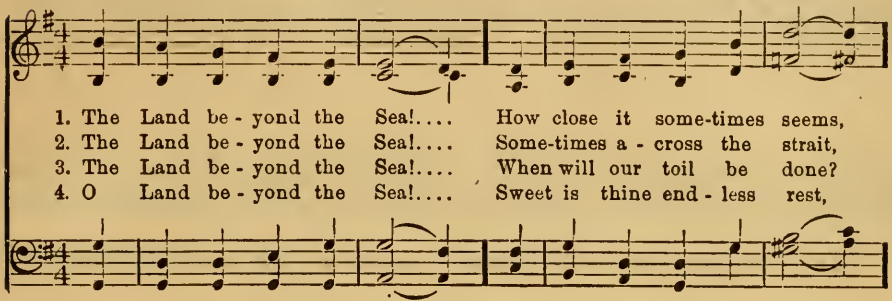
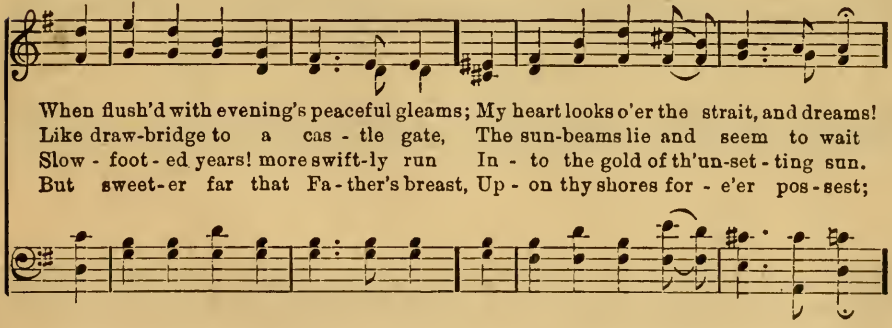
The Redeemed of the Lord.—Concluded.

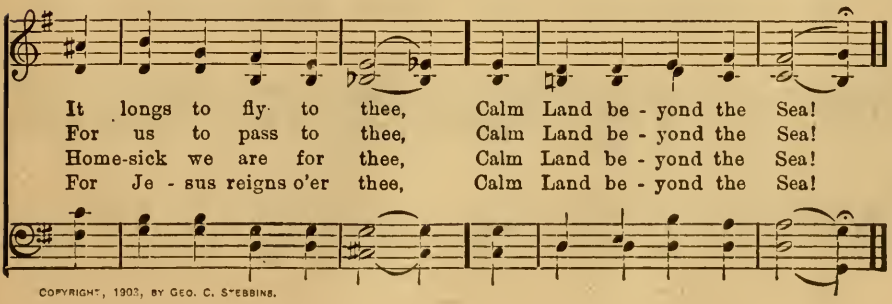


71 The Land Beyond the Sea!

F. W. Faber. G. Waring Stebbins.







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God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Rev. 21: 2. 3. 4.—Recitative.

I, John, saw the Ho - ly Cit - y, New Je - ru - sa-

lem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband:

And I heard a great voice out of heav - en say-ing, Behold, the Tab - er - na - cle of

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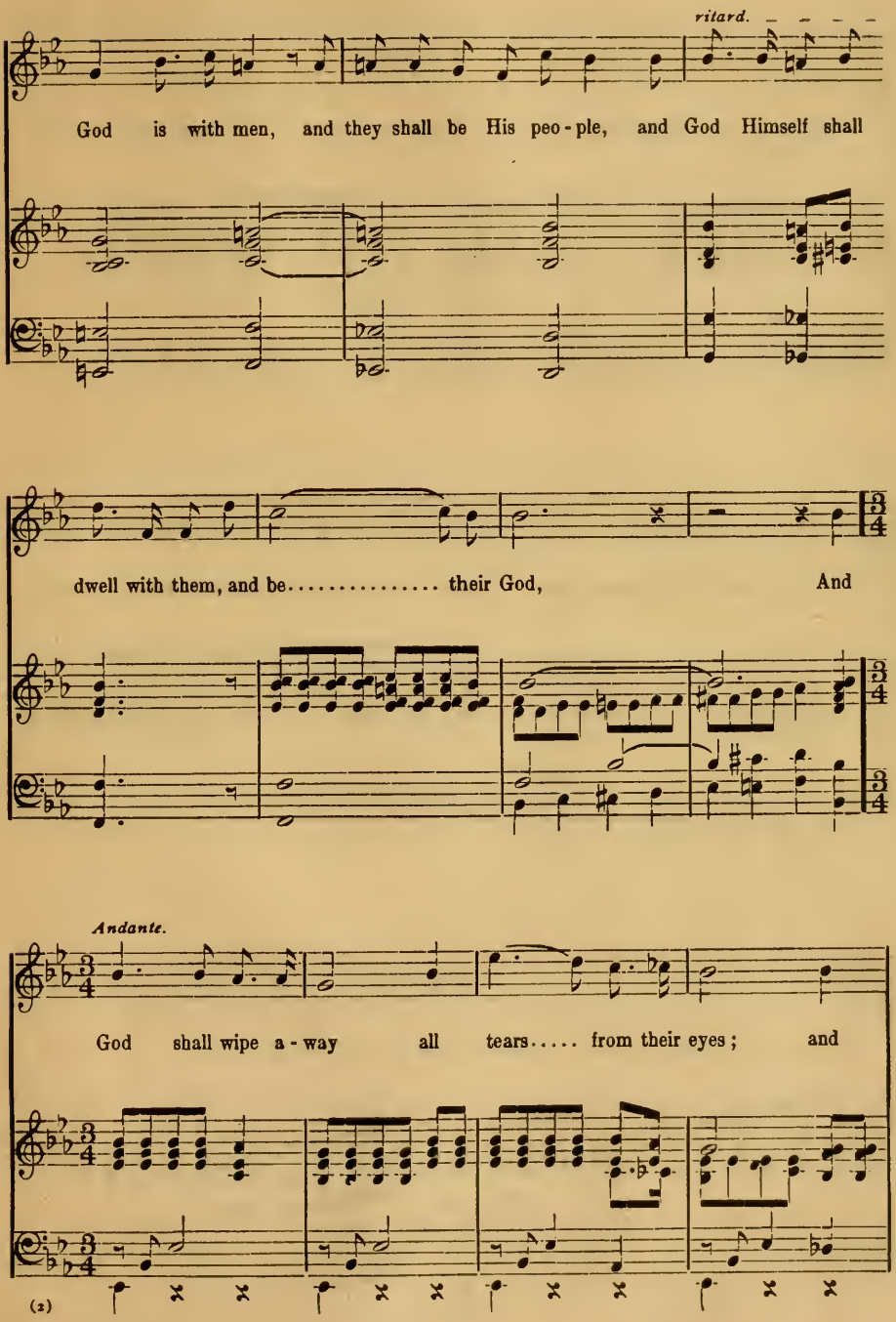
God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.—Continued.



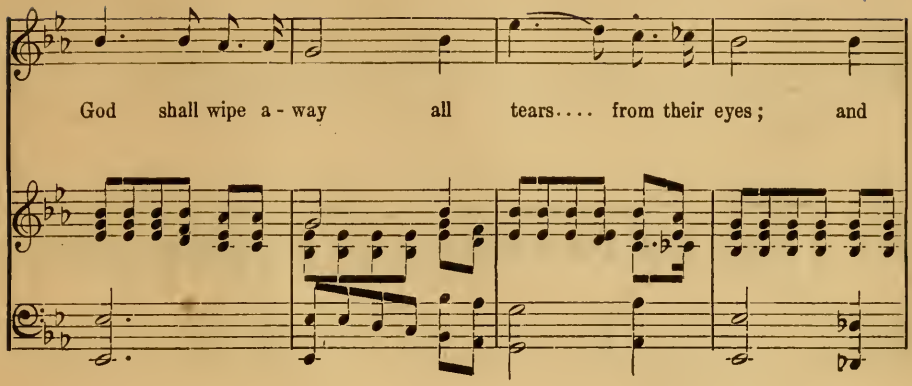
God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.—Continued.

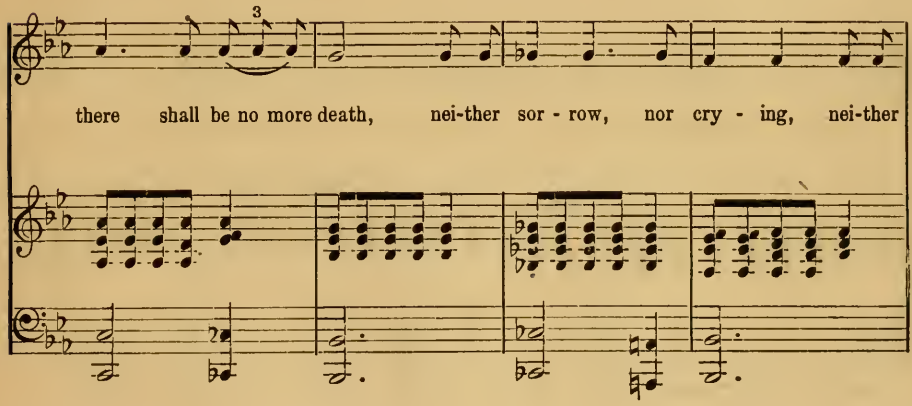
there shall be no more death, nei-ther sor - row, nor cry - ing, nei- ther

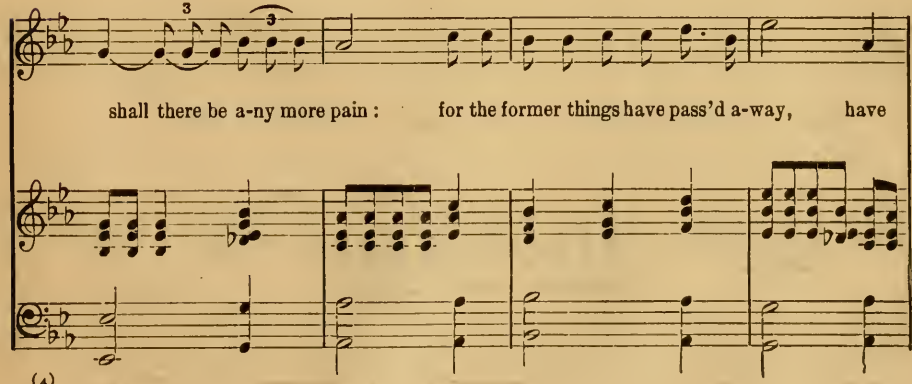
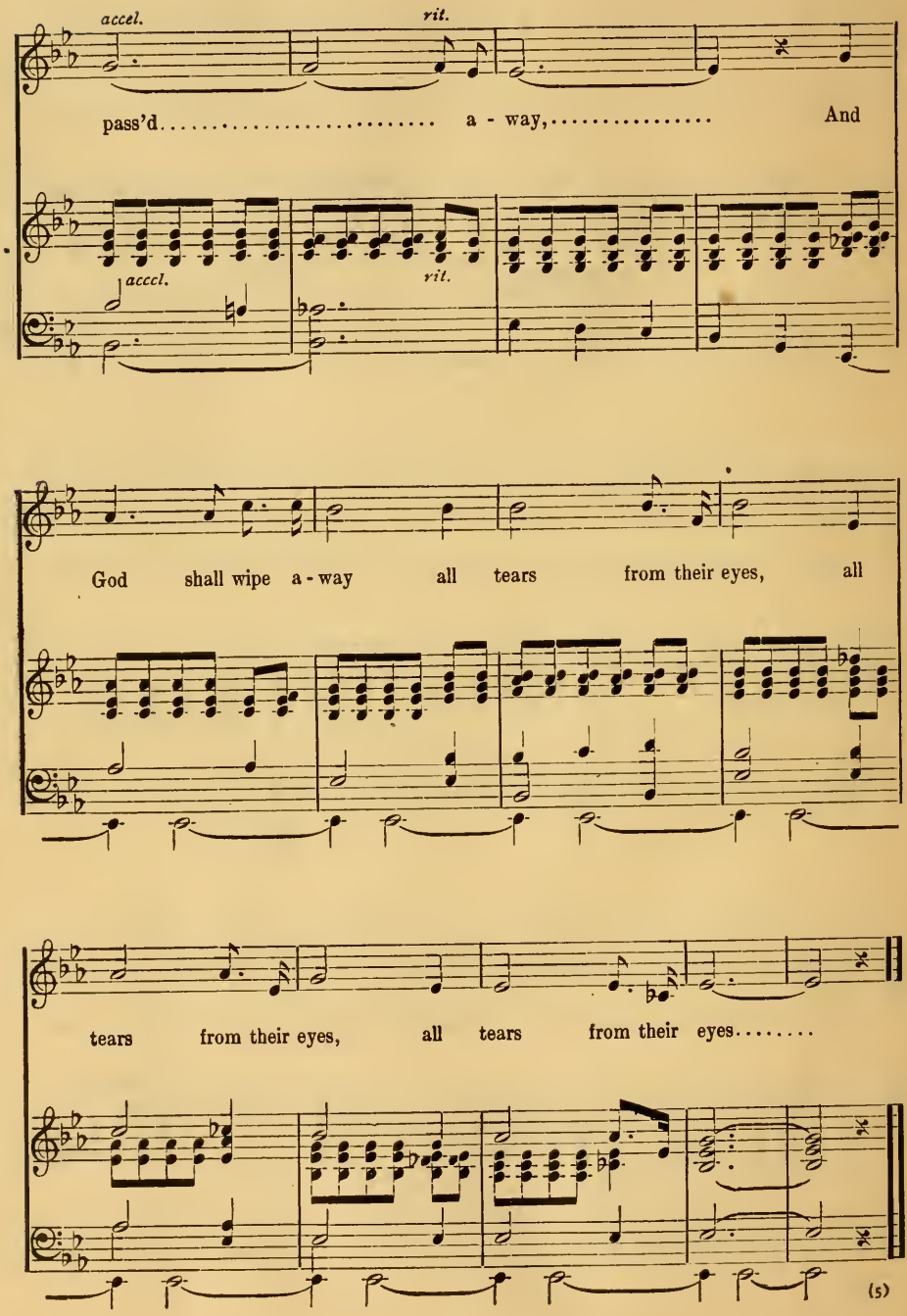
shall there be a-ny more pain; for the former things have pass'd a -way, have

pass'd..... a - way,..... And

God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.— Continued.







God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.—Concluded.